

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 52—No. 17.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mdlle. Tietjens—"Fidelio"

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 25, will be performed Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO." Florestano, Signor Urio; Pizarro, Signor Agnesi; Bocco, Herr Behrens; Il Ministro, Signor Campobello; Jacquin, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Leonora (Fidelio), Mdlle. Tietjens. Between the First and Second Acts the Overture to "Leonora" will be performed by the Orchestra.

Debut of Marie Rose—Signor Rota—Mr. Bentham.

Extra Night.

MONDAY, April 27, Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Mr. Bentham (his first appearance these three years); Mephistopheles, Signor Rota (his first appearance this season); Valentino, Signor de Reschi (his third appearance); Wagner, Signor Casaboni; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Margherita, Mdlle. Marie Rose (her first appearance this season).

TUESDAY, April 28, second performance of Meyerbeer's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS," with the following great cast: Raoul di Nangis, Signor Fancelli; Il Conte di St. Bris, Signor Agnesi; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor Galassi; Copri-facco, Signor Campobello; Huguenot Soldier, Signor Urio; I tre Monaci, Signor Fabiani, Signor Costa, Signor Giulio Perkins; Marcello, Herr Behrens (his third appearance); Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Valeria; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Dama d'Onore, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Valentina, Mdlle. Tietjens. The incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle. Bianche Ricols, Mdlle. Adeline Gedda, and the Corps de Ballet.

Extra Night.

THURSDAY, April 30, "SEMIRAMIDE." Assur, Signor Agnesi; Idreno, Signor Rinaldini; Oros, Signor Campobello; L'Ombra, Signor Casaboni; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Tietjens.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Doors open at eight o'clock, the Opera to commence at 8.30. Prices—Stalls, 1s; dress circle seats (numbered and reserved), 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s.

Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at the Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, which is open daily from ten till five o'clock.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day (SATURDAY), April 25, MR. MANN'S ANNUAL BENEFIT.—The Programme will include: The Choral Symphony (Beethoven); Overture and Selection from the Music to "Manfred" (Schumann); the selection for the first time in England: Funeral March of a Marionette (Gounod), conducted by the Composer; Hungarian Fantasia for Violin (Ernst). Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Otto-Alviseben, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Santley, the Crystal Palace Choir. Solo Violin—Herr Feiniger. Conductor—MR. MANN'S. Numbered Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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Rehearsal Tickets.—Admission: Five Shillings (if purchased before the day). Central Area and Gallery, Numbered Seats: Half-a-Guinea and Five Shillings.

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MR. JNO. WILLIAMS will sing the Tenor Part in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" at the Eyre Arms on 29th inst.; and on the 30th inst., at St. George's Hall, in Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," and "The Transient and the Eternal," by Romberg.

ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER wanted, for Newington Parish Church, Edinburgh. Salary, not less than £65. Situation vacant by the death of Mr. Thomas Hewlett, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Applications, with testimonials, must be lodged before 1st May, with the Rev. John ALISON, Newington, Edinburgh.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Third Appearance of Signor Bolis.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 25, will be performed Rossini's Opera, "GUGLIELMO TELLO." Principal characters by Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Scalchi, Mdlle. Cottino, M. Maurel, Signor Baggiolo, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Fallar, Signor Rossi, Signor Raguer, Signor Sabater, and Signor Bolis (his third appearance in England).

Mdlle. d'Angeri—Mdlle. Maria Marimon—First Appearance of Mdlle. Smeroschi.

On **MONDAY** Next, April 27 (first time this season), Mozart's Opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Principal characters by Mdlle. d'Angeri, Mdlle. Marimon, Mdlle. Smeroschi (her first appearance this season), Madame Saar, Madame Corsi, Mdlle. Scalchi, Mdlle. Cottino, Mdlle. Mattini, Mdlle. Ghiotti, Signor Cotogni, Signor Baggiolo, Signor Capponi, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Rossi, Signor Fallar, Signor Manfredi, Signor Raguer, and Signor Pavan.

Mdlle. Albani.

On **TUESDAY** Next, April 28, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Principal characters by Mdlle. Albani, Signor Cotogni, Signor Capponi, Signor Sabater, and Signor Pavan.

Second Appearance of Mdlle. Pezzotta—Fourth Appearance of Signor Bolis.

On **THURSDAY** Next, April 30 (in lieu of the Subscription for Tuesday, August 4), "IL TROVATORE." Leonora, Mdlle. Pezzotta (her first appearance in that character); Azucena, Mdlle. Scalchi; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Cotogni; and Manrico, Signor Bolis (his first appearance in that character in England).

Second Appearance of Mdlle. Smeroschi.

On **FRIDAY** Next, May 1 (first time this season), "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdlle. Smeroschi (her second appearance this season); Méphistofele, M. Maurel; Valentino, Signor Cotogni; and Faust, Signor Niccolini.

Mdlle. Albani.

On **SATURDAY**, May 2, "I PURITANI." Elvira, Mdlle. Albani (her first appearance in that character); Riccardo, Signor Cotogni; Giorgio, Signor Baggiolo; and Arturo, Signor Pavan.

The Opera commences at 8.30. The Box office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from ten till five o'clock. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MISS PURDY'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on **THURSDAY**, the 7th May next. Artists—Madame Anna Bagu-Schimon and Madame Florence Lancini, Miss Agnes Drummond, Miss Hope, and Miss Purdy; Signor Gardoni, Mr. Trauwery Cobham, and Mr. Barleigh Tossman, Signor Federico, and Signor Caravoglia. Pianoforte—Signor Tio Mattei. Violoncello—Mons. Paque. Conductors—Mr. W. Gans, Herr Lehmeyer, and Signor Pinsuti.—Address, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S EVENING CONCERT, **THURSDAY**, April 30th, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, to commence at Eight. Artists—Madame Norman-Nérada, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Santley, Herr Daubert, &c. Conductor—Mr. S. NAYLOR. Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets, 5s. each, to be obtained of Miss A. Zimmermann, 13, Dorchester Place, N.W.; and at the Rooms.

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42nd Concert, Wednesday, April 29.
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Prospectus is now ready, and may be had on application to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent Street; and full particulars from H. G. Hopper, Hon. Sec.

MR. HANDEL GEAR, Professor of Singing, begs to acquaint his friends and pupils that he has returned from the Continent.—66, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

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MR. MAYBRICK begs to announce that he has REMOVED to No. 38, Langham Street, Portland Place, W.

REMOVAL.

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THE INSIDE HISTORY OF THE HAVANA OPERA TROUPE.

MR. JARRETT'S STORY OF HIS CONNECTION WITH LUCCA, DI MURSKA, AND VIZZANI—THE SINGULAR IRRESPONSIBILITY OF LYRIC ARTISTS.

(From the New York "World," April 5.)

(To the Editor of the "World.")

SIR,—Having heard that several erroneous statements have appeared respecting my connection with the late Havana Opera Troupe—statements calculated to injure me professionally—and knowing the interest usually taken in artistic matters by the readers of your journal, I venture to ask that you will allow me to offer the following explanations:—

On the 21st of November, 1873, Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdle Ilma di Murska, Signor Vizzani, and three other solo artists, met for the purpose of arranging to go to Havana, and carry through a season which had been originally projected by Mr Max Maretzek. The conditions of this new state of things were that the Tacon Theatre should be leased on the same terms which Mr Maretzek had agreed for, and that the engagements made by that gentleman should be continued upon precisely the same terms and conditions made by him with the various performers constituting his projected company. The three other artists alluded to, who attended the aforesaid meeting, were, at the inception of the arrangements, to have been included in the joint-direction of the opera, but, at the last moment, Madame Lucca, Mdle di Murska, and Signor Vizzani thought fit to take the direction exclusively upon themselves, thereby assuming the entire responsibility of the speculation, pecuniary or otherwise, the three other artists agreeing to take part in the performances and discharge their professional duties according to the terms offered them by Mr Maretzek, namely, regular fixed salaries, without participation either in the general profits or possible losses of the undertaking. Shortly after, the contracting parties went to Havana (accompanied by Mr Jephtha Davis, who was engaged as their business manager, and who, when he saw the unsettled state of affairs, advised them to abandon the speculation), and they jointly leased the Tacon Theatre: and, subsequently, a deed, which was in effect a deed of partnership, was signed by Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdle di Murska and Signor Vizzani, the latter of whom bound himself to advance \$7,000 American currency to pay advances of salary to solo artists, band and chorus, &c., in New York, and their travelling expenses to Havana. This sum was forwarded to me and paid the company. By the aforesaid deed it was further stipulated that, after paying rent of theatre, the principal singers, band, chorus, and all other expenses, Signor Vizzani should take the first surplus funds in liquidation of his claim for the \$7,000 advanced by him. From this agreement arose the first difficulty, for Madame Pauline Lucca immediately adopted the doctrine of repudiation by refusing to recognize Signor Vizzani's claim, which she so readily admitted when it was a question of raising the required money. Thus came angry disputes, and the "beginning of the end."

Signor Vizzani, very naturally feeling himself wronged, employed lawyers to proceed against Mdme. Pauline Lucca for ignoring an obligation which her co-partner, Mdle. di Murska, had recognized from the first. This transaction, followed by others, led to a break between Mdme Lucca and Signor Vizzani; one result of which was that two of the principal artists of the "ill-starred" Havana company could not be brought even to speaking terms during the greater part of the season.

But this was not all. When the partners were about to sign the lease of the Tacon Theatre, Mdle. di Murska, who throughout the whole affair was, I believe, "more sinned against than sinning," scarcely (as she told me) understood the transaction of which Mdme Lucca was the "head and front," and therefore hesitated to put her name to such a document, dreading the responsibility, but was absolutely forced to sign it by Mdme Pauline Lucca. I subjoin a specimen of the state of feeling existing between the two *prime donne* during the season:—

MDLE DI MURSKA TO MR. H. JARRETT.

Si Mdme Lucca continue de nous faire perdre, comme c'est l'habitude de cette dame, je me vois forcée de faire une protestation contre l'acte de société qu'elle m'a forcée de signer, a force de ses grossièretés devant plusieurs témoins. C'est uniquement Mdme Lucca qui est la cause de tous nos malheurs en Amérique. On me l'a bien dit ce que c'est Mdme Lucca en Europe, mais je ne l'ai pu croire. Partout où elle était, elle a laissé des souvenirs de son charmant caractère,

ILMA DI MURSKA.

Neither was Mdle di Murska much better pleased with Signor Vizzani; so here was a speculation directed by three persons each at variance with the other nearly throughout the season. Let me now return to the commencement. It has been publicly stated by Mdme Lucca that I (Jarrett) was "sent on before her to Havana;" the truth being that Mdme Lucca started for Havanna November 27, and that I followed a fortnight after, having left New York with the company on December 11, and not before I had the fullest assurance that the claims of the people I was to bring from New York would be faithfully and fully met, as the following telegraphic correspondence will show:—

FROM H. C. JARRETT TO JEPHTHA DAVIS, HAVANA.

Barnum's Hotel, New York, Dec. 2, 1873.

Required for advances of salaries and travelling, \$10,000, American currency.

FROM MARTY AND DAVIS.

Havana, Dec. 2.

Send immediately all artists. Marty pays passage; advances after first performance.

H. C. JARRETT TO MARTY AND DAVIS.

Cannot start unless you send \$10,000.

FROM LUCCA AND DAVIS TO H. C. JARRETT.

Wednesday, Dec. 3.

Marty holds all of us responsible for theatre. Come with the artists. Lucca will be responsible for Lehmann and Maurel.

MARTY TO JARRETT.

Havana, Dec. 3.

Subscription money cannot be touched until company commences.

H. C. JARRETT TO LUCCA AND DAVIS.

New York, Dec. 3.

Cannot move troupe without \$10,000. Maurel and Verati lost if not confirmed Thursday [the day following the telegram.]

MURSKA TO JARRETT (TRANSLATION).

Dec. 4.

Vizzani will advance the money required for the company, but without Maurel; expense too great. Details to-morrow.

VIZZANI TO JARRETT.

Dec. 6.

The bankers, Amsinck & Co., Pearl Street, New York, have my order to pay you \$7,000. Start to-morrow (Saturday) without fail, with all the company. [Here Vizzani furnishes the names of the persons to be engaged.]

The season opened Thursday, Dec. 17. The following Monday a general list of salaries and expenses was made, and a written order given by Mdme Pauline Lucca, Mdle Ilma di Murska, and Signor Vizzani, to Senor Marty, the proprietor of the Tacon Theatre, who officiated as treasurer for the direction, authorizing him to give the money to pay these accounts.

Thus, weekly payments continued without change or dispute. About the middle of the second week, in consequence of my representation of the very bad prospects of the season to M. Janet, the popular basso, that gentleman consented to reduce his salary to nearly one half of what he was entitled to. This I did of my own accord to help the directors out of the troubles they had made for themselves, the only suggestions from them to me having been that I should endeavour to make the company accept their salaries in Cuban instead of United States bills, which would have entailed on them a loss of about 80 per cent.; but I declined to do so on the ground that the engagements were made with persons going from New York at fixed salaries, to be paid in Havana, the greater part in American currency, the rest in gold; and these were nearly all poor people, some receiving no more than \$20 per week; that they were not engaged on a "profit and loss" basis, and that as the partner-directors had the chance of gaining largely by good business, they must be content to suffer by bad.

I have stated that the troubles of the season might be largely attributed to the indiscreet conduct of Mdme Pauline Lucca, Mdle di Murska, and Signor Vizzani, who were perpetually quarrelling amongst themselves. Such behaviour would at any time have proved injurious; but as it came just at the moment when a principal artist, engaged at a large salary, broke down through stage fright and the persecution of a Tamboerik cabal, when there was an enormous deterioration of Cuban currency, when American paper ranged from seventy-five to eighty-two per cent. and gold was cent. per cent., with a kind of panic raging, produced by the Virginus affair, which had driven nearly all of the wealthiest American and Cuban families (generally the best supporters of opera) from the

city, a poor financial result is scarcely to be wondered at. But there was yet another cause for failure. Without the three operas, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Fra Diavolo*, in which Mdme Lucca can, generally speaking, be safely counted upon, that lady's value to a company becomes sadly diminished, and neither of these operas could be given because Signor Vizzani and Mdle di Murska positively refused to give the money to procure the music from New York. Too much stress could scarcely be laid upon the results of this senseless jealousy and selfish policy.

Mdme di Murska was thus, during the season, constantly obliged to sing out of her turn. There were frequent changes of programme and omissions of important pieces, &c., while every day brought protests of some kind from one director against another. Here are some specimens *à propos* of Mdme Lucca's benefit:—

SIGNOR VIZZANI TO JARRETT (TRANSLATED).

January 31.

DEAR MR JARRETT,—I have decided, and will not permit any benefit to take place next week; and insist that you allow no announcements to be put forth except such as relate to the regular subscription performances.

GIOVANNI VIZZANI.

MADAME LUCCA TO MR JARRETT.

January 31.

DEAR MR JARRETT,—I find Mr Vizzani's protest spiteful, and an insult to which no artist of my rank ought to be exposed. I therefore beg of you to inform that gentleman that, if he does not withdraw his protest by to-morrow, and my benefit is not announced everywhere, I will never set my foot on the stage again. Yours,

PAULINE LUCCA.

Thus things went on, and it was never known from one night to another what operas could be performed, although singers, band, and chorus were rehearsing from morning until evening; their studies, however, being rarely aided by the co-operation of either of the three directors, who should certainly have set a better example.

By my own unremitting exertions, which can only be understood by those who have to deal with such unbusiness-like people as artists, the season, despite poor houses, a panic, a hostile faction without and eternal discord within, was carried through to the end, that is, to the extent of fifty-one performances in eight weeks and a half, the financial results to the directors (Lucca, Murska, and Vizzani) being as follows (in Cuban currency):—

Madame Lucca	\$5,402. 85
Mdme di Murska	6,163. 92
Signor Vizzani	2,427. 89
Also for money sent by him to New York	12,480. 00
Total	\$26,474. 47

I have shown what a chaos of discordant elements these children of harmony lived in, but "confusion worse confounded" was added by a number of so-called "representatives." First among these almost indescribable beings was Mdme Lucca's, whose zeal, though excessive, by no means compensated for his want of manners, which placed him in danger of being thrust bodily out of the Tacon Theatre by Señor Marty, and made a grave Spanish judge forget the dignity of the bench so far as to call him a "bestia." If this person was not thoroughly congenial to Mdme Lucca, he at least appeared to be so, for he was in all, or nearly all, her secrets, and empowered to "represent her" on all occasions. Next came Count Richard Nugent, an Austrian officer of a generally mild nature, but who was roused to ungovernable fury at the name of Lucca. He "represented" Mdle di Murska.

Vizzani having advanced several thousand dollars, was, of course, entitled to several representatives, and he made use of his privilege; the first being a Signor Mangini, the second a Signor Albertazzi, the third an ancient ex-chorus singer, Mdme Tori, well known for years in American opera troupes. All these busy-bodies were continually interfering in everything, and adding social broils to the genuine broiling inflicted upon us by the Havana climate. The directors were evidently proud of their position, especially Signor Vizzani, who constantly boasted of being the "directeur, the capitalist, the padrone." But a change was coming which made the directors think they had enjoyed the sweets of power long enough. The salaries of the last week of the season were of course expected to be paid as those of previous weeks had been; but that expectation was not to be realized, for immediately after the valedictory performance, Mdme Lucca's representative, whom the Spanish judge called a "bestia," made a raid upon the entire receipts of the evening in the name of the direction.

He then ordered a directorial notice, stating that "all salaries would be paid on the following Monday, February 16," to be posted up in the theatre. . . . But, at the eleventh hour, and immediately after seizing the receipts, which could not have been touched except by order of the directors, said directors publicly declared "they had no responsibility, and never had acknowledged any!" And here they acted in accord for the first time since their arrival in Havana.

What we were to understand was that when there was money to divide between them, they were directors; but when they were called upon to pay money, "somebody else" was director. The New York band and chorus, failing to recognize this "somebody else," waited upon the Governor to assert their claims. The Governor sent a guard to fetch Vizzani, who told his Excellency that I was the responsible "somebody else." I then went to the Governor myself, who, after hearing all the circumstances, directed me to apply to a judge (Judge Mantella). I did so, and the result was an order for the partner, principals, and all the company to assemble at his office Feb. 18. All obeyed, excepting Mdme Pauline Lucca, who sent her representative. Directors denied all responsibility, and that they had ever signed anything. I then produced a deed, dated November 21, which empowered me to make engagements for them. I likewise produced telegrams from Marty, Davis, Lucca, di Murska, and Vizzani, the latter giving instructions what artists to bring; also an engagement with Mdle Marchetti, signed—as directors—by Mdme Lucca, Mdle di Murska, and Sig. Vizzani. Judge Mantella decided upon the evidence adduced that the three partners had incurred the entire liability. At that meeting Sig. Manara (a son-in-law of Ronconi), who used all his influence (which is considerable in Havana) in the kindest manner, to help us through, made a proposal to the effect that if the three "directors" and the rest of the company would give their services at two performances, he would guarantee the money due to band and chorus, and pay their voyages back to New York. Mdle di Murska at once said she would give her services for at least one night, and Signor Vizzani, who was vacillating, would doubtless have yielded at last. But here the well-known amiability and sweetness of Mdme Pauline Lucca's kindly nature became once more apparent; and when her representative bawled out in court, with his Teutonic accent, "Elle ne shangtera bas!"—and being answered, "If she will not sing, she must pay," he bawled still louder, "Elle ne baiera bas!" Here believing that Mdme Lucca and Signor Vizzani would leave Havana if possible I asked the judge to take such measures as might enforce immediate liquidation of the claims, whereupon he wrote to the Governor requesting him to stop the passports of the three directors, which was accordingly done. They (the directors) transferred the case from the Court of Common Pleas to the Court of Appeals the head of which is Judge Orduna, to cause vexation and delay. Nevertheless, in consequence of representations made by me to Judge Orduna, of the misery which must ensue to nearly fifty people (some very poor, with families depending on them for support) if they were kept from their homes and in idleness for any length of time, Señor Orduna, with great kindness and consideration, gave orders for the case to be called on in forty-eight hours. I should here state that, previously to the appeal being heard, Mdme Lucca, Mdle di Murska, and Signor Vizzani endeavoured to obtain a revocation of the order to stop their passports and permission to depart. The Governor refused. Nevertheless Mdme Lucca, having previously obtained a passport in the name of Walhoffen and wife, had, immediately after the decision of Judge Mantilla, taken passage for herself, servants, and Walhoffen on board the following Saturday's vessel for New York in the name of Pauline Lucca, husband, and the servants; this was only a ruse to put the authorities off the scent, for she subsequently sent Walhoffen to the office of a vessel starting three days sooner, namely, on the preceding Thursday; but the manager of the latter office, suspecting something, appealed for advice to the Governor, who immediately issued orders to the police of the port to stop Madame Lucca's departure. Beyond this the Governor took the precaution of having three members of the company who could identify Madame Lucca placed on board the vessel of Thursday one whole night before the day of that vessel's departure, in order that they might give timely notice of Madame Lucca's making any attempt to escape from her well-established liabilities. Some short time before the starting of the vessel, Madame Lucca's two servants and Walhoffen went on board to take possession of berths and prepare generally for the voyage. Closely upon the hour fixed for departure certain members of the company on board observed signals, made with pocket-handkerchiefs, by Madame Lucca's

servants and Walhoffen. Looking towards the object of these signals they beheld Madame Lucca, coming adventurously from a direction quite distant from the point of embarkation used by passengers of sailing from Havana to New York. When Madame Lucca saw the signals she at once returned to the inhospitable shore of the "ever faithful isle." Then the port police thought it was not well for Walhoffen to be alone, and so they removed him from the ship to the shore, likewise thoughtfully remembering his servants and baggage; and thus a departure was prevented.

The following day the three representatives of Opera in Havana again endeavoured to induce the Governor to withdraw his prohibition of their departure, but to speak expressively it was "no go" in any sense until they agreed to pay \$3,000 each in Cuban currency as a guarantee that the decision of the Court, in case it proved adverse, should be fully carried out. To meet this exigency Madame Lucca went to the Austrian Consul to beg of him to be her guarantee, but he refused to do so without security. This she furnished by means of a letter of credit, while Signor Vizzani furnished the required amount in cash. Not one word of this was told to Mlle di Murska, who, on the contrary, was incited by her partners to resist to the last the demands of the company, the object having apparently been to leave Mlle di Murska alone in Havana to bear singly the brunt of troubles which could not fail to arise, as she, too, was held responsible for the sum of \$3,000, was without funds, and bound by contract to fulfil an important engagement with Mr. Max Maretzek very soon in New York. When Mlle di Murska heard of the projected departure of her associates she sent for me, and I took her at once to the Governor, who said she must leave, like the others, the \$3,000 as a guarantee before she could depart. I then took her to the Austrian Consul, who finally consented to be security for the lady, who honourably returned him the money directly she arrived in New York. Thus the three directors were enabled to return to this city, but not before another scene was enacted. At the last moment, very shortly before the sailing of the vessel, the Austrian Consul discovered that Madame Lucca had failed to indorse the letter of credit upon the strength of which he had become her security, and that it was therefore useless. He went on board the vessel, and requested her signature, but she refused, and persisted in refusing to indorse, until the Austrian Consul threatened to stop the departure of the vessel and appeal to the Governor. So the directors departed, and the case in the Court of Appeals was subsequently decided against them.

Thus, in consequence of my unremitting exertions and legal proceedings taken by me, the company received a week's pay which they otherwise would never have had, and were brought back to their homes in New York, where they might have been left to starve or die of yellow fever in Havana. I beg to remain, your obedient servant,

H. JARRETT.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Cortesi's new opera, *Marinizza*, is already in rehearsal at the Pergola.—There is a report that the Teatro Goldoni has been taken by a number of private gentlemen, who intend having it completely repaired and re-decorated, and then opening it with opera and ballet.—The Teatro Nicolini will shortly throw its doors open to the public, with *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Così fan Tutte*.—It is the intention of Sig. Scalaberni to bring out Auber's *Fils prodigue*, during the ensuing season at the Pagliano.

NAPLES.—Sig. Petrella's opera, *Bianca Orsini*, has been produced at the San Carlo. It was not a failure, since the composer was called on more than twenty times, but, at the same time, it was not a triumph. The general opinion is that it wants inspiration, and is weaker than anything Sig. Petrella has yet written. The best sustained part was that of the heroine, represented by Signora Krausa. *Apropos* of this lady, while she was singing in the second act of *Aida*, the other evening, a magnificent bracelet, consisting of a broad gold band, studded with brilliants and turquoises, was handed to her. It was a present from King Victor Emmanuel, who was present incognito in one of the boxes on the pit tier. Having obtained the necessary permission, Signora Krausa, wearing her costume as *Aida*, went to the King's box, and had a short audience of his Majesty, who was attended by his aides-de-camp. His Majesty offered her his own chair, and, among other flattering things, remarked: "I regret greatly that you are about to leave us. The conflagration of the old Paris Operahouse is not sufficient, then, to prevent the new one robbing our San Carlo of you?"—M. Godefrid gave a concert here. Sig. Guido Papini, one of his fellow tourists, was prevented by indisposition from appearing, but the sick man's place was taken, at the shortest notice, by Sig. Ettore Pinelli, who acquitted himself excellently of his arduous task. His playing was much liked. Perhaps the fact of his having been fortunate to receive some lessons from Joachim may have had something to do with so satisfactory a result.

FRIDOLIN AT LIVERPOOL.

The first performance of a new cantata by Alberto Randegger, a composer who is chiefly known by a large collection of fugitive songs and instrumental pieces of great merit, gave a zest and attractiveness to the sixth concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society last night, which had due weight with the public. The last of the "first half" was perhaps more numerously attended than any of the previous five, and the whole performance was alike creditable to composer (who conducted on this special occasion), principals, chorus, and orchestra. M. Randegger's new cantata, correctly described as "dramatic," entitled *Fridolin*; or, *the Message to the Forge*, is founded on one of Schiller's most famous ballads, and possesses all the essentials of a good stage play, being interesting in its outline and intensely impressive in its dénouement. The libretto, furnished by Erminia Rudersdorf, is exceedingly vigorous and pointed, and this has been dealt with by M. Randegger in a style which at once places him among the best of our living composers, displaying, as he does, the most masterly command of the resources of orchestration, and a keen sense of the effective and beautiful in vocal harmony. Space will not allow a close analysis of the work, but it may be said that thorough originality marks the whole of the instrumentation, and there is a certain verve and grasp in the vocal part of the music which could not fail to impress the very large and enthusiastic audience last night. As a specimen of composition of the most dramatic kind, the "Forge Scene" may at once be quoted as giving evidence of true musical genius, voices and instruments giving a reality to the whole "situation" which it would be scarcely possible to excel. This is, perhaps, the most attractive portion of the whole cantata, but there are other features which show the composer's ability in another light. A sombre and impressive prologue, a splendidly scored hunting chorus (encored), a vigorously written "scene" between the Count and Hubert, a delicious chorus of handmaidens, and a most effective "Chapel Scene," are all elements in a work which is sure to stand for many years as a tribute to the musical genius of the composer. Nearly all the members were loudly applauded, and, at the close, M. Randegger, who conducted with great earnestness and ability, received quite an "ovation." The principals were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Santley, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The two first-named artists sang in a manner which left absolutely nothing to be desired. The chorus were at fault in one or two starts, but, taken as a whole, their singing was highly creditable. The band was not always at home in the accompaniments, but as the work was unknown and somewhat trying in certain portions, allowance is due for any shortcomings. Mr. Best did good service as organist.—*Liverpool Mercury*, April 15.

TO MUSIC.

Come, music, with thy sweetest strains,
And o'er my senses steal,
Awake once more those nameless pains
That those who love thee feel.
While voices sweet harmonious blend
Thy magic power I own,
And feel I have indeed a friend
When other friends are flown.

Come, holy music, heavenly maid,
Thou of celestial birth,
And lend once more thy blessed aid
To lift my thoughts from earth.
Here, severed friendship, changeful love,
Pains the confiding breast,
There, human passion cannot move—
There, all is endless rest.

And sing once more that plaintive strain—
That strain though full of woe—
I love the song, I love the pain,
Although mine eyes o'erflow.
Sweet harmony, I love thee well,
And melody divine,
With thee for ever would I dwell,
No joys are like to thine.—S. P. H.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mlle d'Angeri, having succeeded to the repertory of Mme Lucca, re-appeared on Monday week in one of that artist's best parts—the Leonora of Donizetti's *Favorita*. It will be remembered that she assumed the character early last season, and manifested, as previously in *L'Africaine*, considerable aptitude for her work. That aptitude, aided by additional experience, is bearing good fruit, and, as we were able to record a marked improvement in connection with her *rentrée*, so now it must be said that improvement is not limited to one character, the young lady's Leonora being, equally with her Selika, an advance upon last year's "form." Unquestionably, Mlle d'Angeri has the materials for a most useful, if not a great, artist, and her career should be watched with interest. With reference to Monday's performance, we are far from saying that the character of Leonora was adequately represented, because neither as singer nor actress is Mlle d'Angeri equal to its demands. Looking, however, at the artist's youth and inexperience, there was so much to admire in actual achievement and in signs of promise that the assumption may fairly rank as a success. Mlle d'Angeri's best efforts were made in Leonora's first duet with her lover, and in the familiar cavatina, "O mio Fernando," which, like the duet, was followed by a recall. The cast of the opera was the same as last year, save that Inez had a new representative in Mlle Cottino, a young lady with a light and flexible soprano voice, who bids fair to do good service in secondary parts. Signor Nicolini again represented Fernando with spirit and effect. His impersonation is obviously modelled upon that of Mario, and the greatest compliment we can bestow upon it is to recognise the faithfulness of the imitation in more than one important respect. There may be wanting that which lifted Mario's Fernando high among the creations of genius, but, at the same time, it is an assumption worthy of emphatic approval. In the sword-breaking scene, in "Spirto gentil," and throughout the subsequent impassioned duet, Signor Nicolini appeared at his best, and won unstinted as well as deserved applause. Signor Cotogni was again efficient as the King, having to repeat "A tanto amor;" and Signor Bagagiolo represented Baldassar with all his old effect, while in the grand concerted music of the last act the chorus earned a full share of applause.

Guillaume Tell, produced on Thursday week, attracted one of the largest audiences of the season. The "cast" of Rossini's great opera had some features of novelty, and was, generally speaking, creditable; but the opera itself, rather than its executants, drew together so full a house. *Guillaume Tell* is one of those lyric dramas which exist by right of inherent vitality, rather than by adaptedness for the personal display which, unhappily, is too much prized as a main element in operatic representations. It yields nothing whatever to the demands of those who wish to shine at the expense of true art, and seeks only to be dramatically truthful and musically effective in the highest sense. For this reason, all who take part in it lose somewhat of the importance which so many other operas flatter, and have to be content with a subordinate place. For this reason, moreover, *Guillaume Tell* can never be a fashionable opera, as *Lucia* and *Sonnambula* are fashionable. *Prime donne* will have nothing to do with it; tenors of the "sweetly soothing" order shrink from the robust music of Arnoldo; and neither are able to look upon Rossini's masterpiece as a mere means of catching applause. The work occupies higher ground, and enjoys a better fate; while all who do opera in general the credit of believing that it is something more than a costly pastime, regard *Guillaume Tell* as among the noblest of artistic creations. Hence its popularity with the musical public, who lose no chance of asserting their preference, the particular artists concerned being quite a subordinate matter. Over the familiar features in this performance we may pass lightly. Mme Sinico gave Matilda's air, "Selva opaca," with far more than usual success; and if this cannot be said of the following duet, the lady's assumption, taken for all in all, proved very satisfactory. Mlle Scalchi, as Ednige, made her first appearance this season in a part which she always fills carefully, unimportant though it be; and the *débutante* of Monday night, Mlle Cottino, did good and intelligent service as Jenny. The prominent character of Tell enabled M. Maurel to retrieve whatever he had lost by comparative failure as Nelusko, and to prove once more that his claims are of a very high order. We will make no comparisons between

his embodiment of the mythical Swiss hero and that of M. Faure. Enough that, when M. Faure is absent, there is no one better able than M. Maurel to give a truthful and effective representation of the character. His performance on the occasion under notice was admirable throughout, most of all in the Altdorf scene, amid the exciting events of which Tell was made to bear himself with the dignity of a patriot and the tenderness of a father. Nothing could have been better than the French baritone's delivery of the *andante*, "Resta immobile," wherein the hero entreats his boy to pass through the ordeal with courage. Beautiful in itself, this expressive movement gained a double beauty from the skill of the artist. The fine voice of Signor Bagagiolo added much to the effect of the concerted music in which, as Walter, he had a share; while Signor Tagliafico (Gessler), Signor Fallar (Melchthal), Signor Raguer (Leutoldo), Signor Sabater (Fisherman), and Signor Rossi (Rudolpho), filled their less important parts in an adequate manner. Arnoldo was represented by Signor Bolis, who made his *début* on the occasion, and did so with every mark of a popular success. The new "robust tenor" has the powerful and resonant voice necessary to sustain the character; he sings with a fair degree of artistic taste and skill; he has a manly presence, and if he cannot yet be styled an actor, he bears himself with ease and propriety on the stage. Signor Bolis, thus well equipped for victory, soon made his mark. He was enthusiastically applauded in the duet, "Non Fuggir," and had to repeat the passage beginning, "Ah! Matilde, io t'amo;" and he distinguished himself scarcely less in "Tutto apprendi." The subsequent great trio showed a falling off, due, however, simply to miscalculation of power in a large and strange theatre. Having exerted himself unnecessarily in the earlier scenes, the *débutant* was scarcely equal to the demands of the trio, but this went for little as against his pretensions. There can be no doubt at all of the fact that in him Mr. Gye has made a very useful and valuable addition to the company. The orchestra and chorus were generally admirable under Signor Vianesi's management; and the overture, in which Mr. E. Howell (first violoncello) greatly distinguished himself, was encored with enthusiasm, the *allegro vivace* being repeated.

It was, perhaps, too much to expect that, after placing *Guillaume Tell* on the stage, the Covent Garden management could give an adequate representation of *Les Huguenots* on the following night. These being spectacular operas, exact a good deal from all concerned; and when, under such circumstances, an *ensemble* is less perfect than usual, full allowance must be made. But, though the performance of Meyerbeer's work was not in all respects up to the usual mark, it presented many features of interest and attraction beyond those appertaining to a lyric drama so colossal in proportion, effective in treatment, and enthralling in story. Mlle d'Angeri, for example, re-appeared as Valentina, and enabled us to make another estimate of her progress since last year, as well as of her promise for the future. The character is in itself a severe test of merit, and its severity is increased by the traditions of so many great artists who have played it in the past, as well as by the genius of at least one great artist who plays it still. Mlle d'Angeri cannot yet be reckoned among the Valentinas whose names are entitled to association with Meyerbeer's heroine. Both as vocalist and actress she needs further study and experience. But why mention this? In the case of a lady so young in years and so new to her work, such a remark is quite unnecessary, and we give Mlle d'Angeri the highest praise, under the circumstances, when we state that her efforts warranted much encouragement for the future. It is clear that she has a share of the *feu sacré* in her artistic nature, and there were moments on Friday night when it flashed up so as to encourage strong hopes of ultimate success. Some such evidence of natural fitness appeared in the scene of the conspiracy, and in the subsequent great duet, while throughout it was evident that Mlle d'Angeri had a well-defined idea of the part, which she strove her best to realize. Mlle Scalchi presented a familiar and acceptable embodiment of Urbano, but Mlle Marimon seemed ill at ease as Margherita di Valois. On the operatic, as on the dramatic, stage there are "lines" of characters not to be overstepped with impunity, though the distinction is hardly so much recognised in the one case as in the other, and Mlle Marimon, who can play Adina or Maria well, does not shine in

the part of the Queen. Her singing was, of course, brilliant, that being a quality she has always at command. Signor Nicolini made an admirable Raoul, and may now be accepted—*longo intervallo*, it is true—as Mario's successor. His improvement of late has been most marked; and it was not surprising to find him able to compare advantageously with any other representative of the character since the greatest of all left the stage. In the septet he roused the audience to something like enthusiasm, and he achieved a success not less remarkable in Raoul's duet with Valentina. Signor Cotogni (Nevers), who overdid his business in the sword-breaking scene, was otherwise as usual; and there is no special remark to make as regards the Marcello of Signor Baggiolo; while Signor Capponi's St Bris challenged comparison, unfavourable to itself, with that of M. Faure. The *mise-en-scène* fully sustained the reputation of the house for spectacular effect.

A second performance of *Guillaume Tell* took place on Monday night, when Signor Bolis re-appeared as Arnoldo, and confirmed the good opinion we expressed of him with reference to his *début*, although it must now be taken as positive that, in the *physique*, he is not equal to the task which Rossini provided for Adolphe Nourrit. Rarely, however, do we find a singer of Arnoldo's almost impossible music endowed to the same extent as Signor Bolis, and, if we turn from this one part to the many others that are wholly within his means, it is obvious that Mr. Gye's new tenor may be accounted a prize of value. His reception by the audience on Monday night was very flattering, and his performance excited much interest with regard to his appearance in a second character. Till that event happens it is scarcely safe to pronounce absolutely upon Signor Bolis's claims, but at present he stands deservedly well in public esteem.

The return of Mdle Emma Albani took place on Tuesday, and a more than usually full house welcomed the young Canadian soprano. As the opera was *Lucia*, the same in which Mdle Albani made her *reentrée* last year, and as the cast, with one unimportant exception, was thoroughly familiar, the interest of the occasion could scarcely be other than purely personal. It is difficult for a musician to imagine anybody hearing *Lucia* for the sake of *Lucia* itself. Whatever flimsy charm there is about that much-hackneyed work ought, in the natural order of things, long since to have lost its power. Whether it has so or not—we would fain believe that it has—*Lucia* remains one of the favourite *prima donna* operas, and for the sake of *prima donna* it enjoys a vogue ludicrously out of proportion to its merits. Mdle Albani's performance, both in character and results, was a faithful reproduction of last season's initial effort. On that occasion we said "Mdle Albani has returned, to show a surprising improvement both as actress and singer. Her voice, without losing an iota of the freshness and sweetness which distinguished its upper notes, is fuller and stronger, while the middle notes have lost much of the mixed quality observable last season, and are now purer. Assuming the continuance of this improvement as the young artist advances to maturity, the ultimate result will qualify her to take the highest place in her profession." We cannot do better than repeat these observations word for word on the present occasion, inasmuch as they are not less true now than they were a year ago. Mdle Albani's study and experience are, indeed, rapidly bearing fruit, her present position being as much in advance of that she occupied in 1873, as the latter was an advance upon her status as a novice in 1872. If genius be, as Coleridge said, "the faculty of growth," then it is evident that Mdle Albani is a genius, for she grows steadily and apace. Either for her sake, or the sake of art, or of both, every one will be glad to know this, and will join us in congratulating the young lady upon the fact that she was not led away by the injudicious praises which proclaimed her powers to be ripe when they were only raw. Mdle Albani has not done growing yet, and happily there is now more reason than ever to regard her as one whom applause cannot easily induce to rest satisfied while further development is possible. We need not follow Mdle Albani step by step through so familiar an impersonation as that of Lucia. Suffice it to say that in her acting there was more power, and in her singing more finish, than on any previous occasion, while to a greater degree than ever before she won the good opinion of those who judge without fear or favour. If applause and recalls mean anything, Mdle Albani had reason to

felicitate herself upon an unquestionable success. Signor Pavani, who made his *début* as Edgar on the night of the young Canadian's *reentrée* last year, again played the part, and with more acceptance. He is evidently an intelligent and useful artist. Signor Cotogni filled his customary place as Enrico; Signor Capponi was once more a sonorous Raimondo; and Signor Sabater well sustained the not very dignified character of Arturo.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

The Festival which, in its vastness and its national importance, adequately represents English reverence for Handel, once more draws near, and the Crystal Palace Company is again working with the Sacred Harmonic Society in order that it may, for the fifth time, be worthily celebrated. Following the precedent of former occasions, a general rehearsal will take place on June 19, and three performances on the 22nd, 24th, and 26th respectively; while, as far as yet appears, the conditions and arrangements will be those already familiar. This shows a complete and, we think, justifiable confidence of success. Now, more than ever, the Handel Festival is looked upon as a permanent institution. The novelty of it has gone, it is true, and the average results in future will probably fall somewhat short of those reached in the past, when the vast mass of merely curious people were eager to make acquaintance with an unprecedented thing. But there are quite enough Handel worshippers among us to sustain the triennial celebrations of the master's genius, and to so sustain them as that they shall redound to the credit of the country which Handel honoured by adopting. One peculiarity of the Festival is that two-thirds of its programme remains a "fixed quantity." The *Messiah* must be given, as a matter of course, and, looking at the magnitude of the resources employed, and the character of the music in Handel's greatest choral work, *Israel in Egypt* is almost equally indispensable. It follows that only one performance can be devoted to furthering an acquaintance with the many works respecting which little or nothing is known. But of the small opportunity thus afforded good use has been made. The *Dettingen Te Deum* was produced at the Festival of 1859, and again in 1871; in 1862, the selection included choruses and airs from *Saul*, *Judas*, *Samson*, *Deborah*, and *Solomon*; in 1865 the "Coronation Anthem" was a notable feature, and in 1858 and 1871 other examples were not less happily chosen. On the forthcoming occasion still greater variety is sought, the programme being divided into sacred and secular parts, the first containing portions of the *Utrecht Te Deum*, the second excerpts from the *Ode to St. Cecilia*, and a concerto for organ and orchestra. The variable feature in the scheme will thus have striking interest for all who desire to extend their acquaintance with the master's works. As regards the executive means of the Festival there is little new to say. Sir Michael Costa will again act as conductor; the band and chorus are again to number 4,000 performers; and, although the principal singers are not named, we may take for granted that precedent will be followed in securing the best available talent. As further details of arrangements are given in a pamphlet, accessible to all, we need not enter upon them here. Enough that, in the hands of tried and experienced managers, under the auspices of the most powerful musical name in the country, and with the best possible conductor responsible for its artistic success, the Handel Festival of 1874 will sustain the prestige of an institution which no Englishman ought to think of without pride.

HAMBURG.—A performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was lately given, under the direction of Herr von Bernuth, in St. Michael's Church. The principal vocalists were Mad. Peschka-Leutner, Mdle Voss, Herren Franz Diener and Henschel.

CARLSRUHE.—An unusual performance was given on Easter Sunday at the Grand-Ducal Theatre. It began with the "Walk on Easter Sunday" from Goethe's *Faust*, and the Easter Chorus in the first act of the same piece. Then came a series of *Tableaux vivants*, from the Old Testament, concluding with the group of fugitive Christians from Kaulbach's "Destruction of Jerusalem." In the musical accompaniment to the *Tableaux*, vocal solos and choral singing alternated with the orchestra. A text, with harp accompaniment, in the style of the ancient chorus, first spoken by a group of fugitive Jews, after the first destruction of the City, and then by Shepherds, connected the several scenes with each other.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Flotow's *Marta* was played on Thursday week to an audience not only much more numerous than usual in Easter week, when "society" is out of town, but also larger than might have been expected, considering that the "cast" included only one artist—Madame Trebelli-Bettini—who has had time to become a public favourite. The fact must be taken into account, however, that *Marta* is a popular work. True, its musical value does not stand high, and connoisseurs would probably rank it among the lowest even of light operas, but because the story is pleasing and the themes melodious the general public hold it in great esteem. Hence, it matters comparatively little whether the cast be strong or weak. Opera-goers love to follow the fortunes of the Richmond maid of honour and her faithful attendant, to laugh at that remarkably truthful specimen of English nobility, Lord Tristan, and to observe with what facility a librettist, in his hour of need, can turn a farmer into a "Count Derby." Moreover, they love Flotow's pretty tunes, and have a sort of paternal pride in the "Last Rose of Summer," by adopting which the German composer thought he paid a compliment to the *genus loci*. We are far from disposed to quarrel with the position *Marta* holds among us. As a light opera it is an agreeable thing, which the most pronounced classicist can hear once in a way with pleasure, if not with profit. As already intimated, several of the characters were sustained by artists who are comparative or absolute strangers. Thus, Enrichetta was represented by Madlle Valleria, a young lady first introduced to the operatic public last year, when, though by no means a finished singer or actress, she engaged attention by her obvious promise. Madlle Valleria re-appeared last week as the Lucia of *Donizetti*; but her performance on Wednesday was the best, as well as the latest, evidence of the manner in which she has improved the interval. Madlle Valleria shows, now more than ever, a capacity for the profession she has adopted. Her dramatic instinct is unquestionable, she is exceedingly intelligent, and her natural gifts are, in other respects, great. It was no marvel, therefore, that she gave Enrichetta a distinct individuality, or that she secured and held the attention of the house. The usual indications of success were abundantly forthcoming, applause and recalls—of the bouquets we say nothing—testifying a high degree of approval, while the "Last Rose of Summer" elicited a demonstrative encore. Madlle Valleria, however, has still much to learn. She must not think that her vocal training is complete so long as staccato notes in the highest register have a faulty intonation, nor must she cease dramatic studies till her present consciousness of the audience and of herself is superseded by absorbing consciousness of the part she plays. The young lady may not require the warning thus conveyed. If so, so much the more readily will she be able to do justice to natural resources which are out of the common order. Another comparative stranger, Signor Catalani, took the part of Plumketto, and appeared to much greater advantage than when, at a few hours' notice, he played the Pizarro of Beethoven's opera. The new baritone's light and agreeable voice was well heard in Flotow's music; and the character was represented in a style none the less forcible, and all the more truthful, because unobtrusive. Signor Catalani gave a somewhat original version of the "Beer Song," which was deservedly encored. A *débutant*, Signor Ramini, appeared as Lionello, at once making the favourable impression due to a handsome presence and good bearing. The new tenor is very young, and his voice is very light, but he seems to have made excellent use of opportunities, and already may be counted among valuable artists. He gave "M'appari" with considerable vocal skill, if with superabundant action, and was called upon to repeat it. As Nancy, Madame Trebelli-Bettini achieved a familiar success. The part is scarcely one of her best, but she sings the music with infinite charm, and lifts the whole character into an importance which tells hard upon the *prima donna*, whoever she may chance to be. Signor Zoboli was an amusing *Tristano*, and the *ensemble* was throughout admirable. We should add that Madlle Riccio obtained an encore in the ballet scene.

Three of the four performances at Drury Lane last week were more or less affected by the accident of indisposition. Madlle Lodi was to have appeared on Tuesday as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, but her place was taken by another, and it was understood that

illness would compel her to withdraw for a considerable period from the stage with which she had so recently made acquaintance. While sorry for the cause, all who recognize the promise of this clever and interesting artist will specially regret a retirement which cannot but affect her general progress, and also her future in this country. The misfortune of Madlle Lodi was the opportunity of Madlle Risarelli—a soprano who made her English *début* at the Winter Italian Opera in St. George's Hall. Beyond saying that she acted with considerable intelligence, we reserve any expression of opinion till she appears without the disadvantages attending a substitute who does duty at short notice. As regards the general performance of Verdi's opera, it will be enough to state that Signor Galassi contributed very materially to its success. He is an artist whose value, or we are much mistaken, will become more and more obvious as the season goes on.

Fidelio had been announced for Thursday, but owing to the indisposition of Madlle Tietjens, *Martha* was substituted, with the same cast as on that day week; and, on Saturday, the continued illness of the great *prima donna* made the production of *Les Huguenots* impossible. Under these circumstances Mr Mapleson wisely fell back upon the ever fresh and welcome *Barbiere*, which he was able to present with an excellent *ensemble*, and to the satisfaction, more or less complete, of all who witnessed it. In Madame Trebelli-Bettini the manager had a Rosina who could not only enter into the spirit of the character, giving it a distinct individuality, but could sing the music as Rossini wrote it, and that in a style beyond reproach. Madame Trebelli is welcome, even when the part she plays is small—much more welcome when she appears as a *prima donna*. Few cared to notice a little exaggeration associated with so much that called for praise, and Madame Trebelli's charming delivery of "Una voce" was but the beginning of a triumph which culminated with the double encore of Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne," in the "lesson scene." It is possible that some may have objected to this bolero, but, admitting the right to introduce anything at all, we fail to see any reason for cavil, inasmuch as "C'est l'Espagne" is at least as good as the average of show pieces. Almaviva was played by Signor Ramini, who is young and handsome enough to look the part satisfactorily. He has but a light voice, not yet cultivated to perfect mastery over Rossini's *fioritura*; but he sang the music pleasantly, and acted with intelligence and brightness. As Almaviva goes, the pretensions of Signor Ramini to acceptance in the part are far from small. A new Figaro challenged notice in the person of Signor Catalani, a careful and conscientious artist, whose ability carried him successfully through the ordeal. Animated without being obtrusive, perfectly versed in the business of the part, and able to sing the music well, Signor Catalani made good his claim to rank among the best representatives of the immortal Barber. That this fact was generally recognized the applause of the audience made clear. Signor Agnesi was a capital Basilio, and, as Bartolo, Signor Borella revived the best Italian traditions of that well-known personage, both artists presenting admirably characteristic portraits. The minor parts were sustained by Madlle Bauernfeister (Bertha), Signor Rinaldini (Fiorello), and Signor Casaboni (Sergente). As for the orchestra, it was simply perfect, and alone would have repaid the listener's trouble.

HOMBURG.—Herr Theodor Wachtel, having disposed of his villa at Wiesbaden, has settled down here. He is to sing shortly at Altenburg and Nuremberg. He will then not appear again previously to commencing a protracted engagement at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre, Berlin.

BRUNSWICK.—The next meeting of the General Musical Association of Germany will be held here on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th June. There will be three grand concerts in the Ducal Theatre; a grand concert in the Aegidien Church, and a *Matinée* of Sacred Music in the Brothers' Church. The Ducal orchestra of Brunswick and the Princely orchestra of Sondershausen, Riedel's Association, and the Pauliner Association from Leipzig, and the Brunswick Oratorio Association, will take part in the proceedings. The following are among the pieces which will be played: "*Faust* Overture," Wagner; "*Faust* Symphony," Liszt; *Requiem*, Hector Berlioz; "*Passions-Musik*," Heinrich Schütz (A.D. 1660); *Rinaldo*, Brahms; and Chamber-Music, Klal, Raff, Bronsart, Cornelius, Erdmannsdörfer, Metzdriff and Dräseke.

LETTERS FROM MENDELSSOHN TO HILLER.*

"Leipsic, 10th December, 1837.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND,—I thank you with all my heart for having written to me in November, in spite of my last month's irregularity; I really could hardly have believed it. The arranging of my new house, moving into it, with many concerts and a deal of business—in short, all the impediments, whatever they may be, which a regular Philistine, like I, can only enumerate to a smart and lively Italian like you—my installation as master of the house, tenant, musical director of the Subscription Concerts—all this prevented me from doing my regular correspondence last month. But just because of that I wanted to beg you, and I do beg you to-day most earnestly, that in spite of all the inconceivable difference of our position and surroundings, we should stick fast to our promise of monthly letters; I feel that it might be doubly interesting and good for us both to hear about each other, now that we have become so desperately divided, and yet just for that reason all the nearer to each other. At least I find that whenever I think of Milan, and Liszt, and Rossini, it gives me a curious feeling to remember that you are in the midst of it all; and, with you in the plains of Lombardy, it is perhaps the same when you think of me and Leipsic. But next time you must write me a long detailed letter, full of particulars; you can't imagine how they interest me; you must tell me where you live, what you are writing, and everything that you can about Liszt, and Pixis, and Rossini; about the white dome; about the Corso—I do so love that enchanting country, and it's a double pleasure to hear from you from it—you really mustn't use half-sheets there. Above all, tell me if you enjoy it and revel in it as thoroughly as I did. Mind you do, and mind you drink in the air with as much ecstasy, and idle away the days as systematically as I did—but why should I say all this?—you will do it anyhow. Only please write me a great deal about it.

"You want to know whether I am satisfied here? Just tell me yourself if I ought not to be satisfied, living here with Cécile in a nice, new, comfortable house, with an open view over gardens and fields and the city towers, feeling so serenely happy, so calmly joyful as I have never felt since I left my parents' house, and able to command good things, and goodwill on all sides? I am decidedly of opinion, either this place or none at all. I felt that very strongly after the reports about —'s place in —; no ten horses and no ten thousand thalers could take me there, to a little court, which for that very reason is more pretentious than the great ones, with the utter isolation of petty musical doings, and the obligation of being there the whole year managing the theatre and the opera, instead of having my six months free. However there are also many days when I think no post would be the best of all. Two months of such constant conducting takes more out of me than two years of composing all day long; in the winter I hardly get to it at all here. At the end of the greatest turmoil, if I ask myself what I have actually been doing, after all it is hardly worth speaking of, at least it does not interest me particularly whether or not all the recognized good things are given one time more or better. I am only interested now in the new things, and of these there are few enough. I often think I should like to retire completely, never conduct any more, and only write; but then again there is a certain charm in an organized musical system like this, and in having the direction of it. But what will you care about this in Milan? Still I must tell you, if you ask me how I like being here. I felt the same thing at Birmingham; I have never before made such decided effect with my music as there, and have never seen the public so entirely taken up with me alone; and yet there is something about it, what shall I call it, something flighty and evanescent, which rather saddens and depresses than encourages me. It so happened that there was an antidote to all these eulogies, on the spot, in the shape of Neukomm; this time they ran him down wholesale, received him in cold silence, and completely set him aside in all the arrangements, whereas three years ago they exalted him to the skies, put him above all other composers, and applauded him at every step. You will say that his music is not worth anything, and in that no doubt we agree, but still, those who were enraptured then, and now affect such superiority, do not know that. I am indignant about the whole affair, and Neukomm's quiet, equable behaviour appeared to me doubly praiseworthy and dignified when compared to theirs. This resolute demeanour of his has made me like him much better. Just fancy, also, that I had to go straight from the organ loft into the mail coach, and drive for six days and five nights on end till I got to Frankfort, then on again from there the next day, arriving here only four hours before the beginning of the

* Now publishing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, translated by E. M. von Giehn.

first concert. Well then, since that we have given eight concerts, such as you know, and the *Messiah* in the church. Our star this winter is Clara Novello, who has come over for six concerts, and has really delighted the whole public. When I listen to that healthy little person, with her pure clear voice and her animated singing, I often think that I have actually stolen her away from you in Italy, for she was going straight there, and now will not go till the spring. But by persuading her to come here I was able to do our cause the greatest service, for this time it is she alone who puts life and spirit into it, and, as I said before, the public are wild about her. The air from *Titus* with *coro di basso*, the Polacca from Bellini's *Puritani*, and an English Aria of Handel's have driven the public quite frantic, and they swear that without Clara Novello there is no salvation. Her whole family are here with her, and are very pleasant people. You are often and much thought of. The finest of the new things was Beethoven's *Glorreicher Augenblick*, a long Cantata (three-quarters of an hour, choruses, solos, etc.)—in honour of the three monarchs who met at the Vienna Congress. There are splendid things in it, amongst others a cavatina, a prayer, quite in Beethoven's grand style, but with wretchedly stupid words, where 'heller Glanz' is made to rhyme with 'Kaiser Franz,' followed by a great flourish of trumpets; and now Haslinger has actually put other words to it, and calls it 'The Praise of Music,' and these are even more wretched, for 'poesy' is made to rhyme with 'noble harmony,' and the flourish of trumpets comes in—still more stupidly. And so we spend our days in Germany. David played my E minor quartet in public the other day, and is to repeat it to-day 'by special desire.' I am curious to know how I shall like it; I thought it much prettier last time than I did at first, but still I do not care much about it. I have begun a new one, which is almost finished, and which is better. I have also done a few new songs, some of which would probably please you, but my pianoforte concerto I think you would challenge. It's your own fault, why haven't you sent me your promised piece? You perhaps don't know that Ricordi, the music-seller, often sends parcels here to Wilhelm Härtel. So you might put it in some day. There's a delicate reminder!—I have had to get the score of your E minor Symphony written out from the parts; the score that came with it (in your own hand) had an almost totally different first movement, the *Andante Allegretto* in B flat instead of C, and the two last movements quite different,—in short I did not know what to do, and only yesterday had the pleasure of receiving the old well-known score from the copyist, and playing it through at once. I have put it down for one of the January concerts, and it will form the second part by itself. The two middle movements are quite superb. Now I must stop. Give Liszt many remembrances from me, and tell him how often and with what pleasure I think of him. Remember me to Rossini, if he likes being remembered by me. And above all, keep fond of me yourself.

(To be continued.)

VIENNA.—Sig. Verdi has been invited to superintend the production of his *Aida* at the Imperial Operahouse. There is a prospect, also, that Mad. Mallinger will sing at that theatre during the month of May.—Herr Johann Strauss's new operetta, *Die Fledermaus* (*The Bat*), has been successfully produced at the Theater an der Wien. The libretto, by Herren C. Haffner and Richard Genée, is taken from the farce of *Le Réveillon*, by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and is universally allowed to be one of the worst specimens ever seen of its class.

ROME.—Things do not appear to have improved at the Teatro Apollo, as the season rolled on. The last masterpiece sacrificed on the altar of incapacity and negligence has been *Le Prophète*. The way the work was cut and slashed about was enough to horrify anyone with a respect for art. Then it was brought out with a perfectly insufficient number of rehearsals, and the artists—or, at least, some of them—were much out of place in the characters they had to sustain. Sig. Capponi did not appear to advantage, far from it; he asserts, however, he did not wish to sing in the opera, but was obliged to do so. Signora Börs was a bad Bertha. The only persons who came creditably out of the ordeal were Signora Biancolini and Sig. Maini. After the non-success of *Le Prophète*, Sig. Capponi took advantage of certain pecuniary short-comings on the part of the manager to throw up his engagement. So Sig. Jacovacci had to search about for a new tenor to replace Sig. Capponi. He first hit upon Sig. De Azula, but that gentleman having, after one rehearsal, refused the honour, he finally came to terms with Sig. Cazeaux, who, it is to be hoped, will enable him to fulfil his obligations towards the Subscribers.—A new opera, *Cola di Rienzi* (by Sig. Venceslao Persichini, however, and not Herr R. Wagner) is to be produced at the Politeama as soon as possible.—M. Godefroid has given a concert here.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

THE London musical season has so enlarged its boundaries as now to comprise the entire year, two or three autumnal months excepted. It is difficult, therefore, to know when "stock-taking" may be entered upon with the best chance of the best result; while it is clear that the process cannot be put off till the end of July, when everybody is longing for the wings of a dove, to fly away, and be at rest, and when an enormous mass of material has accumulated. Perhaps the most convenient method divides the ten months' season into two parts by a line separating the winter music from that which lends attraction to the fashionable gatherings of spring and summer. We have just crossed this line, and may now cast a glance over recent doings before they go into limbo, and before addressing ourselves to the immediate future.

To-day Mr Manns takes his well-deserved "benefit" at the Crystal Palace, and closes the series of orchestral concerts which has presented so many and such varied attractions ever since October last. We have not the materials at hand just now for full details of the work done during the Crystal Palace winter season, but we cannot, on that account, delay a hearty recognition of the fact that it has been useful work, set about and perfected in the right spirit, with adequate means and with a result nothing short of entire success. Regarding the executive merits of the Sydenham orchestral performances, nothing need be said, because everything is known. We may, however, point out the thoroughly eclectic principles which animate the directors. Mr Manns—whom we name in a representative capacity—has shown throughout the past season that, as Crystal Palace conductor, he belongs to no school. The programmes have been drawn up on the widest principles, giving undue preference to no composer, and cheerfully recognizing the claims of all. Haydn has received his share of attention, along with those furthest removed from the old master, both in theory and practice; while contemporary English talent has met with patronage and encouragement enough to make it forget past evil days, in enjoyment of the present, and in anticipation of a still better future. We cannot easily overrate the importance of all this to the cause of music as a popular art, especially in reference to new men and new principles. Nothing, depend upon it, can ever be gained by the tabooing process, even when the thing put under ban is really bad. Publicity, while it reforms, also conserves. You can run away from the devil, till you have learned to recognize him. Let us hope, then, that Mr Manns will go on with his universality of procedure. Already his example has borne good fruit, and musical society after musical society is bursting the bonds of tradition, to work with greater freedom in a wider field.

As regards the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts we need not repeat what has already been said in these columns anent the very same catholic spirit as that just

eulogised. Mr. Chappell's enterprise never did more useful work than during the last season; and, here, let us be fair to Dr. von Bülow, without reviving a controversy on his merits as a pianist, which may well slumber till the time comes when the person most concerned will revive it. Dr. von Bülow did this good thing, at all events—he introduced to our concert-goers a remarkable number of novelties such as, but for him, they would scarcely have known. We recognise this fact in the fullest sense, and, also, the other fact that Mr. Chappell, independently of Dr. von Bülow, much enlarged the scope of his programmes, without restricting, in a degree at all dangerous, the influence of the great recognized masters. If we remember rightly, no fewer than twenty-two new works distinguished the season. The number speaks volumes with regard to the present active state of musical life among us. Here, we may fitly mention the Musical Evenings of Mr. Henry Holmes, and the Concerts of Modern Music given by Herr Coenen, at both of which the same spirit of liberality was shown, in response, of course, to the same spirit of enquiry on the part of the public.

Turning to the British Orchestral Society and the Wagner Society, we are confronted with a number of topics, each entitled to consideration. But we wish to keep the leading feature of the season under the reader's eye, and, in the case of both institutions, we have an easy task. The British Orchestral Society may claim distinction for having produced the fine symphony of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and some smaller, though meritorious, works by other native composers; while the Wagner Society, apart from the music of Herr Richard himself, has introduced not a few things worth hearing, either for their own sakes, or the principles they represent. At the Albert Hall we have had *Theodora*, the *Christmas Oratorio*, and the *Light of the World*; at Exeter Hall, Crotch's *Palestine* and Macfarren's noble *John the Baptist* have won admiration; and—but we may extend our observations down to the smallest suburban choral society with a like result. Everywhere there has been activity of the right sort, that is to say the activity of inquiry; which, whether or not it result in progress, is the healthiest possible thing.

On the whole, therefore, we have reason for perfect content with our retrospect. Much, doubtless, remains to be done before arms can be folded, and a holiday taken; but there has been advance, and that of a sort which tends to increase in geometrical progression. We shall move even faster by-and-bye.

FREDERIC WIECK AND BEETHOVEN.

THE *Dresden News* has published a very interesting letter from Frederic Wieck (died 6th October, 1873), the celebrated professor of the pianoforte, and father of Clara Schumann. The letter describes an interview of Wieck with Beethoven, when the great master was totally deaf, and could converse only by means of writing. Here it is:—

"In 1826, I spent some hours at Beethoven's, thanks to Andreas Stein, the celebrated musical-instrument-maker, who was his friend and mine. Stein introduced me as a musician and a public writer taking a deep interest in the amelioration of the hearing and of acoustic instruments. Without this slight falsehood, I should not, Stein assured me, have gained admittance to Beethoven.

"The conversation, seasoned with a bottle of red wine, turned upon an infinity of subjects: on the state of music in Leipsic—on Beethoven's housekeeper—on the great number of his lodgings, none of which suited him—on Hietzing,* and Schönbrunn, the

* Hietzing and Schönbrunn are two villages near Vienna. Schönbrunn is celebrated for its palace, the residence of the Emperors of Austria. Napoleon I. spent some time there.

places where he usually took his walks—on his brother—on various ridiculous personages in Vienna—on aristocracy and democracy—on the Revolution—on Napoleon—on Marx,* Catalani,† Malibran,‡ Fodor§—on singers of genius, such as Lablache, Donzelli, Rubini and others—on the perfection of Italian opera (a perfection which he said German opera would never attain, on account of the language, and because vocal studies in Germany were inferior to those in Italy)—on my opinion as to the technique of the piano—on the Grand-Duke Rudolphe—on Fuchs|| of Vienna, an artistic celebrity at that period—on the excellence of my pianoforte method, etc., etc. I wrote as rapidly as I possibly could, for he kept incessantly questioning me with vivacity; but my answer was not half written before he understood it. He was exceedingly cordial, even when making observations in which his despair was portrayed. He then appeared profoundly moved; his eyes flashed, he put his hands to his head, and ran them through his hair. There was something abrupt and, at times, even rather brutal in all this; but he was always noble; his complaints alternated with outbursts of good nature; then he became animated, and, as though inspired, seemed to foresee political misfortunes.

"Suddenly, after having fitted his ear-trumpet to the top of his piano—the long grand which had been given him by the town of London, and which was now pretty much worn, though its sound was still full and vigorous—he began extemporizing with great spirit and impetuosity, passing his hands, with a certain degree of agility, over each other. For half-an-hour, there was a succession of limpid and ravishing melodies, which came without any effort on his part; he raised his eyes towards heaven and compressed his fingers.

"At length, after three hours of the most unflinching attention, and moved to the utmost depths of my heart—after having written as quickly as I could, and having endeavoured to make my answers as short and concise as possible, while he kept on interrupting them by still more pressing questions—thoroughly imbued with profound respect, and happy at having enjoyed such a piece of good fortune, I took a very cordial leave, encouraging him to hope he would soon meet with a better acoustic instrument, because science, I said, never ceased making great discoveries. Astounded and filled with indescribable sensations, I withdrew with Stein, and lost no time in returning home from Hietzing."

* Marx (Adolf Bernhard), born at Halle, Prussia, in 1795, doctor and professor of music at the Berlin University, author of a large number of esteemed works, among which are "*The Art of Singing, Theoretical and Practical*;" "*Louis van Beethoven, his Life and Labours*," 2 vols, 8vo. He died at Berlin, the 17th May, 1866.

† Catalani (Angelica), a celebrated singer, born, in 1782, at Sinigaglia. She made her first appearance, when she was fifteen, at the Scala, Milan, in Zingarelli's *Clitemnestra*, and Nicolini's *Bacchanali di Roma*. In 1818, she was attacked by a throat disease, which prevented her from appearing any longer on the stage. Thenceforth, she travelled about giving exclusively concerts. The art with which she executed shakes and chromatic passages was something marvellous. She died at Paris, in 1849.

‡ Malibran (Marie Félicité), formerly a Madlle Garcia, and afterwards wife of the celebrated violinist, de Beriot, died at Manchester, England, the 23rd September, 1836, aged twenty-eight. She was buried at Laeken-lez-Bruxelles. An admirable singer, a model of good taste, grace, and training, she eclipsed, by her brilliant and fiery genius, Catalani, Pasta, and Sontag. Never was any artist more admired and run after; never was woman more adored by every nation in Europe. Adeline Patti is the only artist who may, perhaps, be compared with her at the present day.

§ Fodor (Joséphine), a celebrated singer, born at Paris in 1793. Her family, who originally came from Hungary, settled at Venloo (Holland). She was remarkable in the Italian repertory. From 1819 to 1825 she played alternately in Paris, Naples, and Vienna. In 1818, she achieved such a success in Venice that medals were struck commemorating her passage through that city. She is said to have been the model of the no less celebrated Henrietta Sontag.

|| Fuchs (Aloys), born at Raase, in Austrian Silesia, the 26th June, 1799, died at Vienna, the 20th March, 1853; a distinguished musicologist and artist, who, at the period in question, took part in all concerts in Vienna. He was not a professional musician, but this did not prevent his being considered one of the best violoncellists of his day. He left a remarkable collection of the autographs of all the great musicians.

[The above notes are taken from the *Guide Musical*.—TRANSLATOR.]

FLOWERS IMPROVED BY ELECTRICITY.

(From "*Another World*,".)

"Marry Nature's gifts the one with the other, amalgamate sympathetic electricities in their due proportions, and give increased beauty to loveliness, even as ye give increased strength to iron and marble, by welding their particles into one imperishable mass."*

V.

SUN-FORCING.

There is a highly beautiful flower called Luania, a name of which the approximate translation is *soirée* or "assembly" flower. Its colours are most brilliant, but its blossom only lasts about ten hours. When that short term has expired, the leaves fall, and nothing remains but a small pod, containing seeds.

In the following year, but not before, the flower blossoms again, and falls in like manner.

The seeds of the Luania do not mature for three years,—that is to say, until after the flower has blossomed three times; but we have, however, the means of producing flowers from the seeds in three days.

The seeds are placed in handsome vases, which contain fine sand and some new goat's-milk, and are covered over with perforated zinc, taken from the great ravine, the metal having been previously prepared to attract the rays of the sun.

The vase, with the metal thus prepared, is exposed to the light of the sun, between the hours of seven and eight in the morning.

The power of the prepared metal is great, and so strongly attracts and retains heat, that it renders the surrounding atmosphere quite cold.

One hour in the sun is sufficient to bring leaves from the Luania. The metal covering is then removed, and the vases are placed under a forcing-glass, the power of which is doubled on the second day, and further increased on the third. The flowers then appear at once, clad in all their brilliancy and beauty.

The forced flowers, like the natural blossoms, which they excel in beauty, live ten hours only, but they so far differ from them that their pods do not contain seeds.

The colours of the flowers are bright pink, golden, lilac, lilac striped with white, and a beautiful green striped with white gold. The leaves of this, instead of being green like the others, are of a coral colour mixed with purple blue.

The perfume of the Luania is most refreshing, and a lady will have no other for a *réunion* when she can obtain this flower.

* This refers to the marble-iron, an everlasting material used in the construction of the Mountain Supporter, "whose head reached unto Heaven."—See "*Another World*."

FRENCH PLAYS.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*,".)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The production of *La Marâtre* and the appearance of Marie Laurent are events of importance in the annals of the French plays in London. Admirable as is the novel of Balzac, it somewhat fails when dramatized; it is an "*embarras de richesses*." There are incidents enough and to spare to furnish materials for half-a-dozen ordinary dramas. You are scarcely given time to recover from the effects of one startling situation before you are "*ceerated*" with another. The horrors follow in quick succession, until a sense of weariness is produced before the fifth act is reached. Of the acting I must speak in high terms; the subtle analysis of character, the great dramatic ability, and the force and energy Mdlme Laurent throws into the part of Gertrude are admirable. She is intensely real, and carries you along with her irresistibly. Mdlle Kelly (artificial and unreal as is the character of Pauline) played with a delicacy and finish remarkable in one so young. I think this young lady has the stuff in her for great things, which time and study only will bring to perfection.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

IGNACE GIBSONE.

April 17, 1874.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On Saturday last "the Sterndale Bennett Scholarship" of the Royal Academy of Music was awarded to Master Charlton T. Speer, aged 14.

The following return may interest those of our readers who revel in statistics. The 22 performances of *Aida* at the Scala, last season, brought in 87,375 francs; the 8 performances of *Lituanian*, 40,145; and the 13 performances of *Macbeth*, 35,119.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER's cantata, *Fridolin*, produced with so much success last autumn at the Birmingham Festival, for which it had been expressly written, was performed last week at the sixth concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under the direction of the composer. The principal singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (the Countess), Mr. Cummings (the Page), Mr. Santley (the Count), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (the "jealous huntsman"). The cantata was heard with the utmost interest, and received with unanimous applause.

The Critic of the *Fanfulla* is not pleased with the way in which operas are done at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, and has very frankly stated the fact. Among other things he says that he does not consider the Cavaliere Terziani the best conductor the manager might engage. To this, the Cavaliere's friends and adherents reply—so, at least the Critic assures us—"But after all, the Cavaliere is such a thoroughly good—patriot!" Hereupon the Critic rejoins, not illogically: "If that strikes you, gentlemen, as a valid reason, artistically speaking, I have no more to say. Only I beg to make a suggestion: since you go in for a patriot, why not at once select General Garibaldi as conductor? He would, at any rate, have more adherents."

WE learn from the *Art Musical* that the directors of the Casino, Paris, are getting up another orchestra, consisting entirely of female artists. The directors have, moreover, published a pamphlet giving every particular about the formation of the orchestra, and the nationality of each fair performer, together with anecdotes and portraits of the soloists. It appears from the pamphlet that Mad. Veinlich, the Lady-Conductor, or the Conductress, whichever the reader prefers, asked an eminent Paris publisher the trifle of twenty-five thousand francs for her waltz entitled "Fleur des Alpes." The publisher was foolish enough to refuse. The Lady then proposed another little business transaction: she offered him four of her compositions for a life-annuity of eight thousand francs. Again he refused.

There seems to have been great fun at the annual public meeting in connection with the Pastor's College, held on Thursday in the Metropolitan Tabernacle at Newington, under the presidency of Mr. Spurgeon. The proceedings having opened with prayer, and the speeches having been delivered, a song called "The Lifeboat" was sung by a gentleman, who explained that it was sung in America "to endeavour to touch the hearts of hardened people who would not listen to regular and well-known hymns." This admirable song, which, it is stated, "has a moral or religious termination," was a great success, and brought down showers of applause. Mr. Spurgeon next introduced Dr. Hillier, who, he said had been a soldier, and could play every wind instrument in existence. He asked him to show the audience how he drew people together when he wanted to preach the gospel to them, and concluded with "Come along, doctor." The doctor, thus urged, did "come along," and having played "The last rose of summer" with variations on a clarinet, addressed the meeting, saying that he was under a misapprehension, as he expected he should have to make a speech upon "the holy stick" he had just laid down. He then, to illustrate the lack of musical taste in those who conducted the singing in the churches of the present day, told a story of a northern church where a very difficult tune was chosen, the refrain of the hymn being repeated once or twice. The last line of the first verse was "And bow before His throne." The result of the selection was that it was rendered "And bow-bow-bow," "And bow-bow-bow," "And bow before His throne." This story produced "roars of laughter," followed by a brief address and a hymn, the proceedings closing with the Benediction.

THE Paris *Figaro* says:—"When our season finishes, Mdlle Belocca will go to London, where she will be the object of a delicate attention. The Emperor of Russia is expected in London at that time, and Mr Gye will not allow Mdlle Belocca to appear till the state performance in presence of his Majesty. On this exceptional occasion, of which she will be the queen of song, the English will see for the first time the young compatriot of Alexander II.

PEOPLE are fond of expatiating on the prices demanded by Mr Gye and Mr Mapleson from their subscribers in London. But there are other places besides the British capital where lyrical entertainments are not quite as cheap as fresh herrings at Ramsgate or Margate, when there happens to be a glut of that popular fish on our South-East coast. For 250 performances at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, a box on one of the first three tiers costs 10,000 francs; one on the fourth, 7,000; a stall, 3,000; and an ordinary seat, 2,500.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SUSSEX HALL.—CITY SATURDAY CONCERTS.—These popular entertainments, under the direction of Miss Maud Raymond, are well supported. Last Saturday's concert was a decided success. Miss Maud Raymond, in her pianoforte solo on airs from *The Crown Diamonds*, was loudly applauded. Mr. Albert Baker, who has a capital tenor voice, made an excellent impression in "Alice, where art thou?" and Mr. Vernon Brett, in "The Message," was well received. Mr. H. Montague also met with the favour of the audience. Miss Rose Montague displayed taste and expression in "Thou art so near," and several popular songs, duets, and concerted pieces were given with effect by the different vocalists.

PECKHAM GLEE AND CHORAL SOCIETY.—On Friday the annual *soirée*, comprising a concert and ball, was given by the members of the above society, at the School of Design, Hill Street, Peckham, the room being crowded by a fashionable audience. The proceedings commenced with an overture, very fairly played by a band of five performers, which was followed by the chorus, "Daughters of Zion," rendered in a manner reflecting great credit upon the youthful performers. A solo by Miss Hieks, and pianoforte solos by Miss Glover and Miss Maude Collie, gave great satisfaction, as did other pieces by various members of the choir. At the conclusion of the concert a slight interval for refreshment took place, after which the ladies and gentlemen went in for terpsichorean exercises, which showed their thorough acquaintance with dancing manoeuvres, and the entertainment was brought to a close about 11 o'clock.

MR AGUILAR's performances of pianoforte music, on April 13th and 20th, were, as usual, well attended. The following is the programme of the first:—Sonata in F—Mozart; Variations Sérieuses—Mendelssohn; Andante—Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue—Aguilar; "Of in the still night" (transcription)—Aguilar; Sonata in A flat—Weber; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *La Traviata*—Aguilar; "Nachtstück"—Schumann; "Emeralda" (Morcean Caractéristique)—Aguilar; Nocturne in F sharp—Chopin; and Bolero—Aguilar. The second was varied by some performances by M. de Lara (a pupil of Mr. Aguilar) who acquitted himself to the evident satisfaction of a discriminating audience. We append the programme:—Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3—Beethoven; Rondo in A minor (played by M. Isidor de Lara, pupil of Mr. Aguilar)—Mozart; Prelude and Fugue in B flat—Mendelssohn; "Abends"—Raff; "Nächtlicher Geisterzug"—Henselt; "Last Look" (Romance)—Aguilar; Sonata in D—Aguilar; Mazurka and Etude in A flat—Chopin; Fantasia on *Faust* (played by M. Isidor de Lara)—Aguilar; "Schlummerlied" and "Hunting Song"—Schumann; "The birds at sunset" and "Couleur de Rose" (Galop brillant)—Aguilar. Mr. Aguilar's last performances of the present series is announced for Monday next.

BERLIN.—Madlle Marianne Brandt selected the part of Fides in *Le Prophète* to inaugurate her return to the Royal Operahouse. She had a tumultuous reception, and was repeatedly applauded with great warmth all through the opera as well as at the fall of the curtain. Another fair artist, Madlle Horina, made her re-appearance as Pamelia in *Fra Diavolo*, after a long and dangerous illness, from which she has, at length, fortunately quite recovered.—The programme of the fourth Musikabend, or Musical Soirée, given by Dr Carl Fuchs, was thus constituted: Beethoven's "Sonata quasi Fantasia," Op. 27; Transcriptions of Wagnerian Motives by Bülow, Liszt, and Raff; Cavatina from Raff's Suite, Op. 91; various pieces by Chopin; two numbers from Bülow's *Carnaval von Mailand*, and a "Concert-Waltz," Op. 27, by Ernst Ed. Taubert.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—Edward's Quartet Concert Party—comprising Mrs Adolph Fitzpatrick (soprano), Miss Ada Macauley (alto), with Messrs M. Williams and Roberts (tenor and bass)—have closed a most successful season of over two months at the Rotunda. The artistic vocalization of Mrs Adolph Fitzpatrick, was the theme of all who patronized these concerts, whilst the whole of the Dublin Press were unanimous in their praise of the fair young vocalist.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The local journals give flattering accounts of a concert given by Mr Marshall Hall Bell, a young pianist who has just settled in the town. *The Journal* of April 22nd says:—

"An exquisite concert of chamber music was given last night in the Assembly Rooms, Westgate, by Mr Marshall Hall Bell, assisted by Miss Robertine Henderson, Mr Henry Holmes, and Signor Pezze. Mr Bell himself opened the concert with two of Schumann's Concert Studies, he also played Thalberg's "Mosè in Egitto," and three of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," besides this he played the piano-forte parts of the concerted music, and also accompanied throughout with the utmost skill and taste. Miss Robertine Henderson sang Rode's "Air with variations," Gounod's "Quand tu Chantes," a song, "Wishes," by Mr W. H. Holmes, and "The bird in her nest," by Mr M. H. Bell. She has a very fine-toned and well-trained voice, which was fully equal to the florid air of Rode, and the chaste and beautiful nocturne, which, though the audience was not a demonstrative one, was received with the most favour. Mr Henry Holmes' violin playing was of the highest order, both as to delicacy and breadth of tone. He played a lovely nocturne; Spohr's barcarole and Tartini's allegro in D; besides taking part in Beethoven's trio, No. 2, Op. 1, and also in a duet for violin and pianoforte with Mr. M. H. Bell, the composer of the work. The concert will raise Mr. Bell's reputation, both as composer and executant."

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

These concerts, after several changes, have entered upon their twenty-third season with still another plan of action, which, we hope, will be the last, because the most successful. Herr Ganz is now associated with Dr Wylde as joint-conductor, and the performances take place alternately on Saturday afternoon and Wednesday evening, thus securing to suburban amateurs and others some of the advantages formerly accruing from the day "rehearsals." The character of the programmes remains unchanged, for the sufficient reason that it could not be improved; and the orchestra, which numbers in its ranks admirable players like Messrs Pollitzer, Zerbini, Schreurs, Pague, Reynolds, Radcliff, Barrett, Lazarus, Hutchins, Piquis, and Hughes, is not only large, but made up of the best materials. In view of all this we see no reason why the concerts should not enjoy a fair share of success, assuming, of course, that the twin conductors make the best possible use of their opportunities and resources. The race is not always to the swift, as a well-known fable sets forth, and even the fastest runner cannot be sure of the prize, unless, considering the issue as doubtful, he does his very best.

A large, though not a crowded, audience attended the first concert of the season in St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when Weber's overture to *Euryanthe* opened the proceedings; the new chef, Herr Ganz, directing its performance in excellent style. The fine tone and vigorous attack of the orchestra were at once obvious, and, if we missed the closest possible attention to those *nuances* upon which the success of Weber's music so much depends, there was, on the other hand, a good deal to admire. Separated from the overture by two vocal pieces, came Beethoven's Symphony in B flat (No. 4), substituted for that in G minor by Sir Julius Benedict, the copies of which were late in arriving from Germany. The great master's noble symphony was conducted by Dr Wylde, and its familiar beauties received the usual acknowledgment, although the *adagio* was taken too fast, especially in its latter portion. When will musicians understand that a Beethoven *adagio* should be played very slowly indeed in order to develop its full beauty? In his pamphlet, "*Ueber das Dirigiren*," Richard Wagner has said many questionable things; but among those which appear to us unquestionable is, in effect, the following: "In the tempo *adagio*, as Beethoven has it, the sustained tone furnishes the laws for the movement. One might say, in a certain delicate sense, of the pure *adagio*, that it cannot be taken too slowly. Here the sustained tone speaks for itself; the smallest change of harmony is surprising, and successions the most remote are understood by our expectant feelings." After the Beethoven symphony came a Beethoven concerto—that for pianoforte in C minor (No. 3), written, according to date on the MS., in 1800, and dedicated to Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia. This fine work was chosen for her *rentrée* by a young lady who, as Mdle Marie

Krebs, was well known in English concert rooms a few years ago. She is Mdle Marie Krebs still, but, in the interval, the child has become a woman, and the budding artist has developed into one whose equal could not easily be found. It was unnecessary for Mdle Krebs to play more than the first movement of the concerto in order to prove that she is a pianist of the very highest rank, not from an executive point of view alone, but as regards nobler qualities than mere mechanical skill. She thoroughly understood and completely sympathized with the composer, whose ideas were in her head not less than his music was at her fingers' ends. Hence, in addition to faultless technique, her playing was distinguished by perfect intelligence, and the clearest possible reading, while it throughout manifested that reverence for the text which seems to be temporarily going out of fashion. After some recent experiences it was, indeed, a pleasure to find a young German pianist able and willing to interpret the great master's utterances with accuracy, and, at the same time, without a trace of the transcendentalism under cover of which so many faults are excused or made to pass as merits. Mdle Krebs' command over her instrument, well shown in the concerto, and especially in a fine, but over-long, *cadenza* to the opening *allegro*, appeared most of all when she subsequently played two solo pieces by Schumann. The first of these was No. 7—"Traume-Wirren"—of eight *Fantasie-Stücke*, written in 1837, and dedicated to Miss Anna R. Laidlaw; the second being the *Toccata* in C major, dated four years earlier, and inscribed to Louis Schunke. Both are difficult, but the *Toccata* is of a difficulty almost incredible, and certainly impossible of estimation by those who have not examined it carefully for themselves. Mdle Krebs, however, took the most formidable passages as though they were the easiest in the world, never wavering, and never missing a note, nor relaxing her attention to the purport as well as to the text of the music. Such pianoforte playing is rarely heard, and we are glad to say that the audience, quickly recognizing its merit, showered applause upon the gifted lady. Reinecke's "Friedensfeier Fest-Overture" ended the concert, the proceedings of which were diversified by some well-worn operatic selections sung by Mdles Marimon and Scalchi.

The second concert took place last night, Beethoven's noble Overture to *Egmont* heading the programme, as though to do all that was possible in the way of securing a punctual audience. Sir Julius Benedict's Symphony was, however, the chief attraction, not less than the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. On several occasions we have had to notice this work, either in part or as a whole, but especially when first given entire at the Crystal Palace. It would be superfluous, therefore, to enter upon details now. Our business is simply to convey the impression made by a re-hearing under the advantageous conditions of more complete acquaintance, and this we shall do in terms of emphatic approval. The performance, it is true, was not perfect; and the tempo indicated by Dr. Wylde in three out of the four movements did not, we think, best favour the music. But this only made more valuable the success actually achieved. The Symphony is a noble and beautiful work, honourable in the highest degree to its composer, and a precious addition to the treasures of his art. He who would appreciate it must rise to the height on which it stands, and for this reason many will never appreciate it at all; but those who fulfil the condition imposed cannot but acknowledge the bright fancy, the thorough musicianship, and the consummate art which Sir Julius has lavished upon his work. The new "G minor" ought to rank among the favoured examples of its kind, and if there be any justice in the nature of things it will sooner or later do so. Judging by the reception of each movement last night, this happy result will come sooner rather than later, and we are encouraged to regard the applause, showered upon the composer when he answered a "call" by appearing on the platform, as an earnest of adequate reward. Mdle Krebs was again the solo pianist, her choice falling this time upon Schubert's *Fantasia* in C major, originally written for the pianoforte alone, but given last night with the orchestral accompaniments of Dr. Liszt. We shall not now discuss the legality or even the propriety of Liszt's transformation of Schubert's work. Assuming both, it must be said that the great pianist has manifested as much regard for the original as his plan allowed, and that the result is a very effective piece, which cannot be said of the *fantasia* in its primitive form. Schubert's pianoforte music is often orchestral music in disguise, and amateurs will have no difficulty in calling to mind more illustrations of the fact than the one to which we now refer. By her performance of the *fantasia*, as by that of Bach's *Fugue* in C sharp, and Liszt's *Rhapsodie Hongroise* in E flat, Mdle Krebs fully established her reputation as an artist of the first rank. She was applauded enthusiastically, and may now be said to have entered upon an English career which will prove as illustrious as she chooses to make it. The game is entirely in her hands, and the more she wins the better we shall all be pleased and profited.

Mdle Cottino and Mdle Marimon were the vocalists; the accomplished French soprano winning encores for both her selections.

A REASON AND AN EXPLANATION.

Some people outside the musical world express no little astonishment that the excellent concerts given this season by the British Orchestral Society have been unremunerative to those responsible for them. If such persons belong to the class who may be styled the supporters of good concerts, they know to what extent they have subscribed to the concerts whose failure occasions their surprise. Assuming that they belong to this class, they must know that not having given these musical entertainments their support is just the reason that they should not be astonished at their failure. The circumstance that kept them back would operate to keep all the other members of the class back likewise. The very title of the concerts occasions the prejudice against them. A few years ago, the name of the "Musical Society of London" finally brought that society to grief; and, before its day, the "Society of British Musicians" foundered from the same cause. Had the *foreign* element been a conspicuous feature in any of these cases, the result might have been very different. Yes, Madame, be sure the writer is correct; for he mentally beholds a patroness of the Italian Opera opening her eyes to their fullest extent, and thus displaying them to their greatest advantage, as if doubtful of the truth of his assertion. What was your reply, dear lady, when the writer told you Mr Brown was a good singer? Did you not immediately say, "Why, I thought Mr Brown was an Englishman?" "But his grandfather settled in Florence many years since, where his father was born, while he himself first saw the light in Milan," was my reply; on which, if you remember, you immediately followed it up with: "Ah! that may account for it." My aristocratic lady friend is but a type of the class who only in foreigners can see art. Then it is "charming! O how charming!" whether the singing be in tune or not, and the playing exhibit the most questionable taste. Just as, years ago, I heard of such a patroness of art admiring the appearance of a certain foreign vocalist. "But, Madame," said a gentleman, "he squints."—"Yes, but it is *such* a delightful squint." It is ladies of this class who freely give a guinea a lesson for instruction, which would be thought very dear were an Englishman to ask five shillings for the same. But, then, the English are not *artists*; they are only *English*. It is the same ladies who go to the foreigner and ask him to give their talented daughters a few *finishing* lessons, which, of course, are given at the price named, while many a conscientious Englishman would say, "Madame, your daughters require first of all some *beginning* lessons." But this plain speech would be the *finish* of the Englishman's connection with the family. It is, therefore, right that "the truth should not be spoken at all times."

But while these things are so can it be a matter of surprise that the British Orchestral Society's concerts have not financially succeeded? It matters not that they are good; that the music is well chosen, the band excellent, and every arrangement perfect; the fact that the conductor, the members of the orchestra, and the vocalists are *English*, instead of being *artists*, is quite sufficient to condemn it, and to account for the failure. Even the "Special Desire" advertised in the *Times*, and "sandwiched" up and down Regent Street, was quite unequal to the task of removing this deep-rooted national prejudice.

It may be that what is here advanced will be questioned with a smile or a lifting up of the eyebrow. English people, it will be said, living in England, naturally tire of things English—English scenery, English customs, English every-day style—for which reason, at the close of the London season, they hurry as fast as express trains and improved steam vessels can take them to the Continent, that their eye-sight may be revived by fresh and un-English objects, scenery, and manners. And, if this is but natural, why should it not be equally so when they may take it for granted that, as regards musical art, the same difference between what is native and what is foreign constitutes the charm, whether that be in the "ring" of the voice, the outward manner, or in the style of expression, or all these in combination? Besides, the knowledge that what is English may be seen or heard at any time, the seeing or hearing of which is always indefinitely postponed, is sure to be influential. Thus, Londoners who can visit the British Museum at any time are the people that, generally speaking, rarely pass through its handsome gates. So, in pursuit

of these refreshing changes, off they go to Antwerp, Milan, or elsewhere, and, visiting the cathedrals in the cities named (and how exquisite they are!), fail not to attend high mass, though they are Protestants, as being in Rome they must do as the Romans do; and there they are inspired by the splendour of the music, and the manner in which it is executed, though the writer, who has been a frequent visitor at these hallowed temples, affirms that, as a rule, it is far better executed at the London Oratory than at either of these cathedrals. Be it true, then, that these foreign-artist patrons tire of English objects, it is not so respecting the good singing they may hear by English artists, for they neglect to go where such may be heard, and fail to engage them that they may add to the charm prepared for the frequenters of the fashionable *réunions* so numerous during the season. So that the objection is a deception, and exists only in imagination; and, were the art of the English and foreign singers equal, the difference in the manner could surely never be the attractive power to people who claim to be art admirers and patrons. If indeed it is, then these art-protectors go to concerts for no higher motive than operates when they go to the Zoological Gardens, or to any other place of amusement in which music has no part.

If this national prejudice is not to be dispelled, of what use is it to establish here training schools for music and singing, such, for instance, as the one whose first stone was recently royally laid near the Albert Hall? If the students there are to be educated to be professors, are they likely to be patronized? This school will hold out an inducement for English people to enter a profession without their being made first of all aware of the national prejudice existing against English artists. But if it is to make young ladies simply appreciative of what is good in music and singing, the more such schools the better, so that, finally, the artists of intrinsic merit may come to the front, and those who in the front hold not their just position may settle down to their proper status. If, however, the former of these is the aim and intention, young ladies should be better advised as to the probable consequence of their professional pursuit. Far better that they turn their attention to something else: say, for example, that they open a joint stock establishment, for mutual advantage, in Regent Street, similar to that of the late Peter Robinson, whose fortune, amassed in the course of a few years, reached the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A very large number of English lady musicians must combine before they can realize that sum among them. In this business their nationality would be no bar to their success. And a co-operation such as this would from its novelty be likely to succeed, and might be the means of similar establishments being formed, while the £350,000 would certainly go into the right pockets. Those persons who are acquainted with the "history and mystery" (as Wm. Cobbett would have said) of these giant establishments, have a very decided opinion about them now. However, it is for the future to show what good to English art and artists is likely to result from the National School of Music. If it succeed in causing the English artist to occupy his right position, it will have effected a great benefit. And if it be instrumental in imparting a more general knowledge of the principles of the art, the same may be said; for there would then be discriminating power, serving to leaven the musically-informed masses, and British Orchestral Societies would have a "reason to be," and success might be expected to attend them. But that such training colleges will ever be able to root out altogether that prejudice against English artists, to which reference has been made, cannot be the thought of the most sanguine among those who anticipate so much good to be the probable consequence of their existence.

FIRE PLUG.

QUERY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I should like to ask some of your readers, through the medium of the *Musical World*, whether it is possible for one whose knowledge of music is confined to piano playing to acquire, without the aid of a teacher, a knowledge of composition, and if so, what works they would recommend? Should any of your readers oblige me with this information, I will thank them very much.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ORPHEUS.

Bradford, April 17, 1874.

ARABELLA GODDARD AT HONG-KONG.

(From the "Hong-Kong Daily Press," March 10.)

Great as were the expectations aroused on the announcement of a concert, at which this celebrated pianist was to perform some of her best pieces, they were more than realized on Monday. To those who for years have been deprived of any opportunity of hearing really first-class music, the occasion was an event in their lives; and the enthusiasm with which M^{me} Goddard was received on her first appearing proved that there were very many among the audience who still retained a vivid recollection of her marvellous performances at home. Her playing on Monday fully showed that she has lost none of the finish and brilliancy which originally gained her the high reputation she enjoys—a reputation in the face of which any criticism in so distant a part of the world as this, where it would be absurd to pretend being able to command the pens of critics competent to do justice to an artist of such standing, we should be disposed to content ourselves by simply saying that the pieces were performed by Arabella Goddard, as that would doubtless convey a more accurate idea of their excellence than any praise which we could bestow. It has been said that a man must be a Shakespeare to be able to criticize the plays of the great dramatist, and we should want another Arabella Goddard to do justice to this great artist. As a record, however, of the impression produced upon an attentive and appreciative audience here, a few words of criticism may not be out of place.

The piece of the evening was Beethoven's grand sonata (Op. 26) containing the marvellous funeral march. This piece is at once one of the most magnificent and one of the most difficult of the great master, and to perform it in such a way that its beauties shall be fully brought out demands not only the greatest powers of execution, but an ability to appreciate the highest class of music. In both these essentials Madame Goddard has long been recognized as unsurpassed, and the audience on Monday were perfectly enthralled while she brought out every note and touch of the most intricate passages with perfect precision, and succeeded, also, in the still more difficult task of subordinating every phrase to its passage, every passage to the movement, and every movement to the whole piece. To say that this part or that was better or more effective than the other would be like picking out a few odd sentences of a grand piece of oratory and criticizing them apart from the context and the whole design of the oration. It is enough to say that Madame Goddard played this magnificent piece with a thorough command of it as a whole, and the effect was like hearing the masterly delivery of a great poem. When she came to the funeral march, the tension of the audience was drawn to the highest pitch—the room being silent as the grave itself, and the splendid passage where the soft *tremolo* octaves in the basses are followed by the sharp staccato chords, brought before the imaginations of the hearers the sounds of distant volleys, followed by cannon, over the dead hero's grave, in a way which no one who has not heard a pianist like Madame Goddard could imagine that even Beethoven had ever conceived. Had the great composer himself heard Madame Goddard, he would have been startled at the creations of his own genius. Few would be disposed to credit Beethoven with the power of making all the science and consummate art which characterize everything which he has written subordinate to the exposition of nature; but those who heard the execution of the Funeral March on Monday will admit that, where the occasion is grand enough, Beethoven becomes purely imitative—the great pre-Raphaelite of music, by whom the external beauties and grandeur of natural sound, and the internal beauties of feeling, are portrayed with all the love that a thorough master of painting brings to bear when he depicts the delicate flowers, the bossy trees, the glowing tints of distant mountains, the smile of innocence, the determination of heroism, the scowl of anger. In displaying this grand power of the composer, Madame Goddard succeeded to the full; and it was almost with a feeling of relief that we heard her marvellous, light touch in the last movement—*Allegro Vivace*, which comes in to disperse the gloom of the grave, to which the Funeral March had led us.

In the second part Madame Goddard gave "Salle Onde," a pretty caprice by Jules de Sivrai. It was marvellously executed, and elicited a warm encore, to which M^{me} Goddard responded with a portion of a well-known piece by Chopin. The fantasia, "Bonnie Scotland," was effective in the extreme, and elicited the highest enthusiasm, being warmly encored. In response, the pianist gave some variations on the "Last Rose of Summer" in her best style, and left the room amidst deafening applause.

We notice that M^{me} Goddard announces another concert for Saturday, and

make no doubt that the brilliant success of the first performance will be repeated; and can only conclude by congratulating our friends in China upon the unexpected opportunity which the advent of M^{me} Goddard has afforded them of a musical treat far in excess of anything which the most sanguine have ever expected to hear on the far-off shores of old Cathay.

DONIZETTI'S REMAINS.

We may now speak out. The minds of us all have been tortured by a sorrowful and humiliating doubt, for we all feel, with justice, proud of being the fellow townsmen of the immortal Donizetti. It was known for certain that the body of the great composer, who died, in this, his native, city, on the 8th April, 1848, was temporarily placed in one of the catacombs belonging to patrician families in the Valtesse Cemetery. But, when he was buried, the immense commotion produced by the political events of the day diverted men's minds to other matters; they would otherwise have preserved a lively recollection of everything connected with the illustrious deceased, and the grandiose monument subsequently erected to him in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore appeared, perhaps, a sufficient reparation for the kind of oblivion in which his ashes were allowed to fall.

But recently the incertitude as to the precise spot where the revered remains had been placed, and how to guard and protect them from the injuries of time, arose with the power of remorse in the bosom of every inhabitant, and some absurd reports, which, thanks to the doubt on the subject, managed to get spread abroad, at length convinced everyone that it was imperative to ascertain in what place, and in what state, Donizetti's honoured remains really were.

Impressed more forcibly, perhaps, than anyone else by these sentiments, the members of the Municipal Board took every measure to satisfy the desires of the inhabitants, and, after some diligent researches, the day before yesterday, in the morning, the Cavaliere Negrisoni, the Mayor, assisted by the assessors, Sig. Luigi Cuccchi and Doctor Cristoforo Ginami; by the two medical officers of the Municipality, the Cavaliere Michelangelo Galli and Dr. Federico Alborghetti; and by Dr. Emmanuele Maironi, notary, went to the Valtesse Cemetery. Having obtained permission from the noble family owning it, they caused the Pezzoli vault to be opened, and proceeded to examine the coffins deposited there.

It was not long before the coffin which should be Donizetti's was distinguished from among the others. The fragments of the planks, all eaten away, which formed an outer case, having been removed, the gentlemen religiously examined the inner one of strong larch, which was nearly intact. They next opened it, and the decomposed white bones of the skeleton met the eyes of the agitated spectators.

Of the skull, which was almost intact, the top part was wanting; according to report, it was purloined and carried off immediately after a *post mortem* examination, which two surgeons had made, and before the body could be closed up in the coffin. The principal bones, disjoined, but nearly all in good preservation, still marked out perfectly the supine position of the body, and its full robust proportions. The bones of the sternum and the ribs were reduced to a fine brown powder, as well as the phalanges of the feet and hands. Macerated and partly decayed, but with its form perfectly recognizable round the upper part of the trunk, there was the overcoat of dark greenish cloth, with long skirts, and traces of silk lining, and, on one side of the chest, pieces of a black satin waistcoat.

An official account of the visit having been drawn up, and everything having been carefully restored to its place in the larch-wood coffin, the party took their leave, and the tomb was closed up again.

We know that the Municipality will give orders without delay for a copper urn in which to collect and preserve the precious remains, and we hope—or rather, we would fain feel certain—that, at a better time, and in a fashion worthy the great man whose fame has, for half a century, filled the civilized world, the urn will be removed from the Valtesse Cemetery, and placed, with all due prestige and honours, in the Basilica of Santa Maria,—*Gazzetta di Bergamo*.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since writing you a week or two ago one or two concerts have been given here of some interest. I do not need, however, to give you any extended remarks regarding them. A new choral society has arisen, which promises to be of good service to the cause of music. It numbers between two and three hundred voices, and the first appearance of the Society, the other night, was an extremely creditable one. It has taken for its name the St George Choral Union. The conductor, Mr William Moodie, has got his forces thoroughly under command, and he and his choir are justly entitled to a hearty welcome by all Glasgow amateurs. The first part of the programme consisted of Sir George Elvey's oratorio, *The Resurrection and Ascension*; the second part, of a Miscellaneous Selection. Our leading Society, the Glasgow Choral Union, lately gave a performance of Bach's *Passion Music* (St Matthew). With the exception of Mr E. Lloyd, the solo vocalists were not very successful; he, however, gave a capital account of his arduous share of the work. Altogether I do not consider the concert one of the best efforts of this Society.—The management of the Theatre Royal did a rather daring thing on our Sacramental Fast night; they gave a sacred concert in the Theatre, consisting of selections from the *Messiah*, and other works. The solo vocalists were Madlle Rita, Madame Demeric-Lablache, Mr Pearson and Mr Hilton, and there was a band and chorus. The novel effort was fairly patronized. The audience applauded everything, and demanded a number of encores.—Mr Lambeth has organized what he calls his "Select Choir." They made their first appearance the other evening. The choir numbers between twenty and thirty voices, all of excellent quality. The aim of the new enterprise is to give performances of madrigals and part-songs, something after the model of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir, in London. Mr Lambeth is eminently fitted to educate such a choir, as was evident by their very first performance. Much of the unaccompanied part-singing was remarkably fine, and, doubtless, in a short time Mr Lambeth will have his followers in most perfect training. There are still two concerts of importance to be given this season—a season which has been extended to an unparalleled length. The first is by the Lyrical Society, when Mr Cowen's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, is to be produced; the other by the Albany Society, under Mr Lambeth, when Signor Randegger's successful work, *Fridolin*, will be performed, for the first time in Scotland. I trust to be able to send you good accounts of both concerts.

MUSIC AT MILAN.

The Scala, as announced in the last number of the *MUSICAL WORLD*, is closed, but the lovers of opera here need not despair, for the Teatro dal Verme will be opened with a very strong flavour of the larger theatre about it. The chorus will be that of the Scala; the orchestra, that of the Scala; the conductor, Sig. Faccio, that of the Scala; and the management, that of the Scala. The season was to have been inaugurated on the 15th inst., but it was the usual story: "Some one was not ready"—perhaps, the scene-painter, or the costumier, or the conductor—and so the event had to be put off a few days. With respect to Sig. Cagnoni's *Claudia*, with which the management will lead off, report speaks in high terms of it. It was first produced, in 1866, at the Canobiana, but the period was unpropitious, and the rumours of war overpowered the strains of Sig. Cagnoni's muse.

The fashionable place of entertainment at the present moment is the Teatro Manzoni, which is occupied by the French Leroy-Clarence company, as it is entitled. Among the pieces given have been Leroy's *Cent Vierges*; *Jean de Thommeray*, by MM. Augier and Sandeau; and *La Petite Marquise*, by MM. A. Meilhac and L. Halévy. People are not over nice here; they cannot be accused of too great a stock of prudery, but even they think that French dramatic authors have in the present instance once or twice gone too far; the critic of the *Secolo* has been as much "shocked" as if he were one of the sons of perfidious Albion, at whose modest susceptibility Italians are as fond of laughing as any other Continentals, and the Prefect absolutely forbade one scene, just as the Lord Chamberlain might have done in London.

It appears that the orchestra of "Viennese Ladies," who have been touring it recently, with more or less success, through Italy, might more properly be called the "Orchestra of Polypolitical Ladies" (the reader, like the celebrated "Schoolboy" of the press, will at once see that the latter half of the word is derived from *πολιτικός*, *politikos* and not *πολίτης*, *politis*), inasmuch as the fair instrumentalists have been recruited not from Vienna alone, but

from any continental city where such professional rarities were to be found. They have returned here from the South and given two concerts at the Teatro Carcano, but without creating a very overpowering sensation. According to *Il Trovatore*, "the audience consisted of the family of the manager, of the family of the manager's porter, of three newspaper critics, of five broken-winded singers, of two retired theatrical agents, and of the inevitable Teresina, the flower-girl. The receipts . . . were a mystery."

The firm of Ricordi have given Sig. Gomez a commission to compose a new opera.

VERDI'S MANZONI REQUIEM.

The *Requiem Mass*, composed by Verdi for the anniversary of Manzoni's death, will be performed with great éclat on May 22nd, at the Church of St. Mark, Milan, under the master's own direction. A hundred singers and the same number of instrumentalists will take part. The soloists announced are Mesdames Stoltz and Waldmann, MM. Capponi and Maini, all of whom were in the original cast of *Aida*. The movements of the new work are as follows:—I. Requiem and Kyrie, for four solo voices and chorus. II. Dies Iræ, in ten movements. III. Offertoire, four solo voices. IV. Sanctus, for double choir. V. Agnus Dei, duet for soprano and contralto, with chorus. VI. Lux æterna, trio for contralto, tenor, and bass. VII. Libera, solo for soprano, with chorus.

Tines for Music.

THE YEOMAN'S BRIDE.

(Copyright.)

Ring out, sweet bells, ring out again!
I know what the clear tones say—
"Your lover is hastening on amain,
And this is your bridal day!"
O fields where we met in the glad spring-time,
Now fragrant with new-mown hay,
Ye are filled with the music of this sweet chime,
And song-birds may hush their lay.
Ring out, ring out again!
I list for the sweet refrain;
A yeoman brave is listening too,
And galloping on amain.
Sweet bells! sweet bells!
Pull from my casement jessamine bright,
And rosebuds, for my hair:
And dress me all in bridal white,
That he may think me fair.
I'll meet him with no tear-dimmed eye,
But smile right lovingly,
That all the crowd may see I'm proud
A yeoman's bride to be.
Ring out, ring out again!
O sweet as skylark's strain!
Those chimes so clear that meet his ear,
And speed him on amain.
Sweet bells! sweet bells!

MARIA T. WILLIAMS.

BROMBERG.—The Dantzig opera-company has been singing a month to crowded houses at the Stadttheater.

FREIBURG (Breisgau).—A new grand opera, *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*, has been produced at the Stadttheater, and well received. The music is by Herr Friedrich Marburg.

DESSAU.—Mozart's *Don Juan* has been most successfully produced at the Ducal Theatre with a new text, and the recitatives arranged by Herr Dideke, the *Capellmeister* of the Theatre.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Herr Krollp and his wife, Mad. von Vehoggmuber, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, began an engagement of twelve nights on the 15th inst. During Herr Krollp's absence, his part (that of the King) in Sig. Verdi's opera, *Aida*, will be undertaken by Herr Salomon.

M. OFFENBACH has made an arrangement with M. Comte, of the Bouffes according to which the *Gaieté* operetta troupe remove to the Passage Choiseul.

WAIFS.

Mdme Arabella Goddard has arrived at Melbourne.

People and pianos resemble each other inasmuch as both get out of tune by lying idle.

Mdlle Fidès Devries took her farewell of the lyric stage on Wednesday week by playing Ophelia in *Hamlet*.

A new sacred cantata, *Supplication and Praise*, by Dr. Sloman, will most probably, we understand, be performed at the Albert Hall, during this season.

The Khedive of Egypt is said to have asked Wagner for an opera on an Egyptian subject. The Prophet—perhaps remembering Moses—has not yet replied.

Herr Carl Zerrahn has sued the managers of the last Boston Jubilee for the sum of \$5,000, said to be owing for his services as conductor. The loss to be made up by the guarantors was \$290,000.

Theodore Thomas has engaged the services, as conductor, of Mr. Bergmann, for a term of years. This would seem to point towards the fulfilment of Mr. Thomas's long cherished project of giving opera.

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition waggon," yelled another.

A new entrance to the St. James's Hall is about to be erected by the St. James's Hall Company (Limited), who have purchased premises in Piccadilly for that purpose. The works will be entrusted to the superintendence of Mr. Walter Emden, who has prepared the designs for the building.

A German naturalist thus translates the song of the nightingale: "Zozozozozozozozoz—Zirrhading—Hezesezesezesezesezese cowa he dze hoi—Hi gai gai gai gai gai gai guai gai—Coricor dzio dzio pi." Any of our readers wishing to emulate the sweet songstress of the night need only to practise his lay as above.

In London a bitter war is raging between the Tonic Sol-Faists and the advocates of the Established Notation. An attempt has been made by the followers of Mr. Curwen to oust Mr. Hullah, the government inspector of musical education from his post, because he had reported adversely to the Tonic Sol-Fa system. We are rejoiced to be able to say that the attempt has been signally defeated.—*Arcadian*.

A Virginia orator: "He vaulted like a big buck tied to a cedar gate-post. He screamed until the chairman of the meeting, who was sitting painfully near, put both hands on his head to keep his scalp from lifting up. He would throw himself back to an angle 45 degrees, roll his eyes, get into a towering burst, then suddenly squat nearly to the floor, put his hands on his knees, and squeeze out the climax."

Charles Oberthur's overture to his opera, *Floris de Namure*, has recently been repeatedly performed in Vienna, and had very great success. On March 28th it was performed at the Harmonic Society, at which concert several members of the Imperial Operahouse appeared. Mdle Emilia Pagliani sang Ardit's "L'estai;" Mdle Tremel, a song by Holzelt; and Mr. S. Bürger played two violoncello solos, Romance from *Don Sebastian* and "Baschkyrentanz," by Piatti.

The competition for the Sterndale Bennett Scholarship took place on Saturday, the 18th instant, at the Royal Academy of Music Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Sir Sterndale Bennett), Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. F. R. Cox, Mr. W. G. Cusins, Mr. F. B. Jewson, and Mr. H. C. Lunn. The results were as follows:—Charlton T. Speer, elected; F. W. W. Bampfyld, highly commended; T. Sylvester and J. C. Andrews, commended. One candidate, not having passed the Literary Examination, conducted by the Rev. Robinson Duckworth, M.A., was precluded from the competition.

An article in the *British Quarterly Review* on the "Electric Telegraph" states that the system of reading by sound is occupying the serious attention of the authorities of the Postal Telegraphs Department. In the Morse "sounder" the clockwork is dispensed with, and the apparatus resolves itself into a pair of coils, and an armature, the stroke of which, attracted by the electric current, creates the sound from which the signals are interpreted. The system is, so far as the Post Office is concerned, only beginning to slip, but by and by there will probably be hundreds of these metal tongues clattering away in the great central telegraph station of the metropolis.

The following is the programme of the nine performances which are to constitute the Triennial Festival of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society: Tuesday, May 5—Evening opening performance, Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*. Wednesday, May 6—Matinée by the Thomas Orchestra and Vocalists; Evening, Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony, and *The Seasons*, by Haydn. Thursday, May 7—Oratorio matinee, Mendelssohn's *Christus*, Dudley Buck's 46th Psalm, etc. Friday, May 8—Matinée by the orchestra and vocalists; evening, Bach's *Passion Music*. Saturday, May 9—Matinée by the orchestra and vocalists; Evening J. K. Paine's new oratorio, *St. Peter*. Sunday, May 10—Closing performance, Handel's *Messiah*.

M. Clément Duvernois relates a strange incident that occurred during his rambles through the cemetery at Père la Chaise. He passed by a young lady in deep mourning kneeling at a grave singing "Casta Diva" with apparent devotion. He listened, and found that his ears had not deceived him. The young lady, to his astonishment, said, "You are perhaps surprised to hear me singing *Norma* in such a place. But my mamma sleeps below in that tomb; she used to love to hear me sing that opera, and I come here every day to sing it to her."

The Academy says: "A passage designed for a single violin cannot produce the same effect—sometimes not even approximately the same when played by sixteen instruments in unison; nor will any amount of care on the part of conductor and players preserve intact the balance of power. Thus several passages of imitation in the first movement were lost altogether; the closest attention failed in enabling us to distinguish them clearly. We cannot but think the desire to transform chamber music into a symphony, or quasi-symphony, is an artistic mistake. In pieces like Beethoven's Septet, or the Octet of Schubert, where wind instruments are also employed, a large addition to the string power impairs the effect at once, just because the composer in writing for the wind instruments uses them in an altogether different way from that which he would adopt in an orchestral work."

Immediately after the recent performance of *The Light of the World* at Nottingham, a number of gentlemen entertained Mr. Sullivan at supper—Mr. J. H. Agnew in the chair, and Mr. H. M. Steinthal in the vice-chair. In the course of the evening Mr. Fox Turner presented to Mr. Sullivan a casket, containing a handsome old English silver goblet and a purse of £200. In a characteristically genial speech Mr. Turner explained that the gift was the result of an almost spontaneous movement on the part of a few of Mr. Sullivan's admirers, who wished thereby to express their appreciation of his genius and their personal regard. Mr. Sullivan, in acknowledgment, said that the kindness of his friends only less surprised than gratified him. In reference to the performance of his new oratorio, he warmly expressed his admiration of the band, chorus, and principals, and his sense of obligation to Messrs. Hallé and Hecht. Speeches were also delivered by Messrs. J. H. Agnew, Charles Hallé, Ed. Hecht, C. A. Seymour, and E. J. Broadfield.

Speaking of a familiar nuisance, "noisy swells," the *Porcupine* says:—We are glad to see that Mr. Addison, of the Prince of Wales Theatre, has had the courage to hail before Mr. Raffles some of the would-be-thought Liverpool gentlemen. There is a class of "swells" who think it the "right thing" to "liquor up" before going to a theatre, and to annoy all around them when they get there. But if Mr. Addison wishes to see success crown his efforts to stamp out this class of theatre-goers, he must not rest satisfied with summoning them before the magistrates, but must see that they get all they deserve before they leave those gentlemen's hands. The well-behaved portion of the public who attend theatres will not feel altogether fully insured against the annoyance of drunken or riotous "swells" if, when they are summoned before the magistrates, they are allowed to escape by paying five pounds to the poor-box, and their names are withheld. If an offence against the law was committed at the theatre, the law should have taken its course, and the proper and legal punishment should have followed. There was really no kindness on the part of Mr. Addison towards the great bulk of his patrons when he instructed his solicitor to leave the matter in the hands of the stipendiary, nor was it fair to Mr. Raffles, though doubtless it was intended to be complimentary to that gentleman. We see it stated in the *Courier* that a short time since a "gentleman" who forced his way into the theatre without paying had the matter "settled" by a payment of five pounds to a public charity. Why should such a mode of payment be tolerated? When Major Greig used to deal with delinquent policemen in private, the cry against the system became so great that the Major had to give it up. The public should look with great suspicion upon all cases where publicity is sought to be avoided, and should call for explanation in every case whence it is withheld. We were not in court, and only know from the daily papers what took place there. From this we are led to believe that there is something yet due to the public relative to the manner in which the "noisy swells" at the theatre have been dealt with.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- E. C. BOOSEY.—"Down the golden woods," by J. L. Roedel; "The Russian National Hymn," by T. Distin; "The Royal Sailor Quadrille" and "Happy Thoughts Waltz," by Eugene Delorme; "The Village Style," by Mrs. H. L. Chernside; "Requied," song, by Henriette; "Pretty Maid Gie," by Mary H. Wilson; "Mary's Prayer," by C. E. Edwards; "Dreams of the Past," by Adelaide Sartoris; "Solitude" and "Macaroni," by Emile Berger; "Come to me, O ye children," by T. Anderson; "Clover Blossoms," by J. B. Boucher; "Passion Past," by Alfred Scott Gatty.
- W. CZERNY.—"The Sailor Boy," by W. H. Eayres.
- D'ALCORN & CO.—"Oh, no! we never talk in French," by Amy Weddle.
- J. M. GILES (Brighton).—"The standard files," by M. A. Scallies.
- R. LIMPUS.—"Childish Fancies," by C. T. Speer.
- NOVELLO, EWER & CO.—"A Morning Service in C," "I was glad when they said unto me," and "I looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven," anthems, by S. P. Tuckerman.
- RANSFORD & SON.—"The March of the Black Watch," by Michael Watson.
- "Marie," polka de salon, by C. Bradley.
- WEEKES & CO.—"Bride of our Sailor Prince," by H. C. Cole; "God of Eternity," by R. Andrews.

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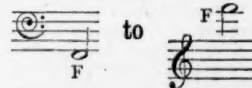


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